The First American

His Homes and His Households

Leila Herbert

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LEILA HERBERT

THE FIRST AMERICAN

HIS HOMES AND HIS HOUSEHOLDS

BY

LEILA HERBERT

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1900

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PREFACE

THE lament for the unfulfilled promise of a youth, cut short by death, is the burden of the noblest elegy ever penned. A like regret will be felt by all who read this book, the first and last work of Leila Herbert. So high an authority as Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has declared that *The First American* deserves "a permanent place in the Washington literature."

She was twenty-nine years old when this book was written — an early age for man or woman to show so many of the qualities of a trained writer. Moreover, from her eighteenth year she had borne upon her shoulders labor and responsibilities that fall to the lot of few young creatures. She then became, on the death of her mother, the head of her father's house in Washington. Besides the cares that fall upon an eldest daughter who takes the mother's place in the family, Leila Herbert had, as the daughter of a public man at the capital, to learn and practise an exacting social routine. Few young girls would have had the patience to

do this, and fewer still would have been as successful in her position. At twenty-five years of age, on her father becoming Secretary of the Navy, she was called upon to preside over a Cabinet house. The Republic has imposed a rigid ceremonial upon its highest officials, rightly considering simplicity to be served by having a code. It is one which takes much time and strength; but during these four exacting years Leila Herbert still found time to perform her duties in the inner circle of her family, and to cultivate the great passion of her life—reading. She was a person of singular reserve—a reserve so extreme, especially concerning her acquirements, that her nearest friends reckoned it a fault. From her earliest years a reader of thoughtful books, she rarely spoke of them; a good linguist, she seldom admitted it. She seemed to prefer the reputation of a graceful woman of the world to that of a person of great intellectual force. She had youth, beauty, a position highly gratifying to her pride; and perhaps thought there was time enough—alas!—for work. That she intended to work seriously at literature there can be no doubt. Besides the present book, she left fragments of another, very incomplete, but showing that quality—rarest among beginners—a disposition to write and blot out, and write and rewrite many times. But the most interesting of these faint records left behind her is the remnant of a diary, written with a frankness as extreme as her usual habit was re-

served. It was plainly written down hastily—sometimes almost illegibly—but bears every evidence of perfect sincerity. She tells of her childhood in her Southern home; of her family and friends, of whom she speaks with a thorough loyalty of affection. She writes thus of her childhood:

"In the round eyes of a picture of myself at six months old there is plainly a born affection between the world and myself. I was native to love, and I was born to be loved. At one time—up to the age of fifteen, when I went to St. Agnes to school—I thought it my prerogative to be liked of everybody, and especially those I quarrelled with, whoever slightly spoke to me or walked within my world; and so I have an idea I was liked, as I liked everybody, even those I did not like, in an openly serious, happy fashion. There is nothing still that I so much like as to like people, but I have grown fearfully reserved. My mother was sarcastic; her quiet jests were rather hard to bear sometimes, I think. I was always, from the first, inclined to live *au grand serieux*, diving quite to the bottom of every emotion."

The mother, a woman of sound sense and sweet nature, doubtless saw in the child a disposition to go to extremes, and she corrected it by a wholesome and gentle ridicule. The child smarted under it, but the woman gratefully admitted the excellence of it. The wise mother, however, by no means discouraged the child's tendency to idealize.

"'Speak to your sons,' she said to me, 'and tell them it was your mother who made them what they are.'

"I was nine years old when my mother said this to me,

and you can see how solemn a little thing I was capable of being. 'Yes, mother, I will,' I said.

"My mother was lying in bed. She was a woman of extraordinary energy and extraordinary leisure. . . . 'Your mother would have founded a dynasty,' old Professor T. said to me, 'if she lived in the Middle Ages.'

. . . . . .

"My mother's family were wealthy and fashionable, my father's religious and studious. I was very worldly and very religious (though I never gave any evidence of being religious—I always got out of going to church when I could). I was very gay and very grave; very sedate and a great tomboy. I loved to study and I loved not to study. At school I would be studious for two months, and then throw my books to the winds and study more exactly not at all than you would easily think possible, until I got ashamed of the lowness of my reports and studied so hard again that I always came out in the first rank after all.

"'It is godlike to conceal emotion. It is godlike not to explain one's self,' I said to myself often. Perhaps I was mistaken in this."

This idea of the concealment of her powers seems to have taken possession of her at an early age. She says that she was terribly afraid of being taken for a blue-stocking. Here are some of her reflections, made when a very young girl. The conclusions belong to the class of the universally conceded, but she found them out earlier in life than most:

"A woman should not have an absurd ideal that she waits for. In my opinion very few women do. A feminine heart idealizes some big-nosed John or little-nosed Henry, and stakes all her happiness on his turning out what she

supposes him to be. According to her worth, his worth; her blindness, his blindness; and the mercy of God their happiness is.

"Somebody has said, though in entirely different words, that the best of every man is the man, and the rest of him simply more or less unfortunate incidental additions. The good in the man is the man, the part appealed to. Every man represents incompletely a Divine idea. He is only the sketch of his possibilities. . . .

"For, I think, perhaps two years—I cannot tell just how long; one year, perhaps—I remained a vertebrate by saying in all sorts of moments to myself: 'I will walk nobly while I am above the ground.'

"Nice thought that.

. . . . . .

"Can't help thinking that I am rather nice, that I can love people well and faithfully, and that I much prefer telling the truth to telling lies, and that I have struck on a rather happy theory of life, though I cannot say I am always happy.

. . . . . .

"*London.*—It is the height of happiness to be much beloved and to give things away.

. . . . . .

"'I desire not to disgrace the soul.' No soul stoops in speaking to mine."

The next word to this is one in which she seems to have recalled her mother's gentle sarcasm, for she adds, "That is enough, there, dear."

And a like instance follows, when after writing —"I shall love a great reality and nothing else— and the great realities live under lock and key, like I do—" she adds, "Impertinence." . . .

"I cannot bear to be patronized. . . . I am a little more proud than Lucifer. I can understand why he fell. He would not be patted on the back by some of the other archangels, and so he got the ill-will of the influential ones."

This diary is by no means solely a record of her own thoughts and feelings. She expresses many opinions — generally sound, and often original — upon contemporary persons and events. She was entirely antipathetic to Marie Bashkirtseff, of whom she says—"Marie Bashkirtseff was a woman of immense courage and ruthlessness. She had the courage of a nurse in a surgical ward."

No two natures were ever more diverse, each carrying to a faulty excess what might have been a virtue. Marie Bashkirtseff, with a devouring thirst for fame, to be known as a woman of genius; and Leila Herbert, shrinking from a display of her powers. Yet, strangely enough, there is a parallel in their short lives—in the call to work that both heard in the midst of pleasures, of travel, of gayeties; and in the work they left behind them. On the walls of the Luxembourg Museum hangs Marie Bashkirtseff's charming picture of the Paris street urchins. It is not the greatest picture in the museum, but it is the most interesting, the interest being of a painful sort; for the first thought which occurs to all who see it is the recollection that the young hand which painted it, and which might have done much greater things, became dust just as it had

essayed its first trial of strength. So it is with this book of Leila Herbert's.

Her feelings, on her elevation to a conspicuous and charming position, as a young girl, she records as follows:

"Before father came up I knelt down and prayed that his success would not bring me the hardness of heart and selfishness and regardlessness that I had seen it bring to so many of the wives and daughters of successful men in Washington. . . .

"I see how it is. Our circle of pleasures must be rounded out by its pains, be the circle large or small. When one is raised to high position all one's false friends rush to the front, half one's true friends stay behind, and all those who have real claims nourish hope one cannot fulfil. One is praised by unmeaning lips; not praised by many sincere ones from whom one would wish it, through fear of misapprehension. The hopeful of benefits praise, the disappointed abuse; wits watch their opportunity of establishing themselves by attacking a high mark; flattery follows one's presence in public places. . . .

"A reporter insisted on having a catalogue of the books I had read or liked. I evaded answering for publication such a question. I would not tell any one but one I love that I love Emerson more than anybody that ever wrote anything. Emerson, Carlyle, and Shakespeare come to my mind first as the books next in sacredness to the Bible. This does not mean that I read many books of that order—I do not, for I don't know where to find them—or that I am a blue-stocking or a big story-teller, availing myself of acquaintance with one or two illustrious names. For some to myself unexplainable reason, I do not want people in general to know that a noble book gives me more pleasure

than anything else on God's beautiful earth. I rather think it is from the fear of appearing to wear *bas bleu*—a fear implanted in my mind, along with the ambition to excel if I can in anything I undertake, by my mother."

Her duties in her new position did not leave her much time for either reading or reflection, but she made time for both; and she also collected the materials for this book. She was well placed to do so, being the vice-regent from her native State of Alabama for Mount Vernon. This office had been held by her mother, and so admirably had she filled it that the regent and vice-regents kept the vacancy open, in the expectation that Leila Herbert would show herself qualified to take it. This expectation was justly fulfilled. She was appointed in 1895, and was the youngest woman who ever had that distinction conferred upon her. She was a regular attendant at the yearly meeting of the Mount Vernon regents; and her suggestions at the council board, although few, were practical, and were generally accepted. She was fond of walking alone through the woods and fields of Mount Vernon, and there conceived the idea of writing this book. It was there, too, that she imbibed a hearty and sincere Americanism, which, like most of her deepest thoughts and feelings, was rarely soluble in words. She made three visits to Europe, and enjoyed to the full, with her characteristic quiet intensity, the treasures of art and beauty that were

open to her there; but she ever returned a better American than she went.

"You may believe me when I say that nothing would make me so unhappy as to live out of my own country.

. . . . . .

"I am devoted to my own country and my own people. I should be simply a pining exile anywhere else. . . . How wonderful it is that we should have all the sunshine in our land. No wonder we are cheerful, and that we are always half in jest. God said we might be. . . .

"Toadying is distinctly European. There is absolutely nothing easier than for an American to get rid of his unfortunate American friends. There are exceptions, of course. But if you see a well-dressed American gentleman walking the street with a shabby person of doubtful appearance you may generally put it down as a virtue in the superior and not a vice in the inferior, that they are together. The more fortunate is probably with an ill-starred schoolmate or cousin only because he sought him. When the envy-provoking day is over, the ill-starred cousin will probably not even pay his 'party-call,' that he may prove his independence and lack of desire to go with another on unequal terms. The fortunate man in this country sues the affection of the common and unfortunate, or he does not have it. . . .

"American men are all generosity, strength, and tenderness to their womankind, some of whom repay them by going to Europe, learning the cant of the idle European aristocracy, and coming back to despise their virile fathers and husbands and brothers, in the new-learned belief that it is a disgrace to be a busy doctor or manufacturer, and that idleness or useless activity and gentility are synonymous. It would be well if American fathers would keep their

daughters at home till they learn one simple fact, and that is, that the bread and butter of the European aristocracy in large part depends on their crying down and abusing American institutions in one breath and proposing for American heiresses with the next; that it is dangerous to the European aristocrat to admit in any way the evidence of America that there is something better for a nation than the rule of the aristocrat; that every institution holds itself up by propagation of its own ideas; that when aristocrats approve of a republic and commend its results in individuals there will be no more kingdoms or empires."

She had, however, a very sharp appreciation of all that was excellent, even outside of her own country. She writes, during her last visit to England:

"I think I will put on my gossamer and go out in the rain to Westminster Abbey and live for a few moments.

. . . . . .

"*August 27th.*—Went to the National Gallery again today to see the Turner pictures. Did it in the first place because Ruskin thinks a man is a boor who doesn't do it; did it in the second place because it makes me excitedly happy to behold the delicacy of coloring and happy dreaming in 'Queen Mab's Grotto,' the burst of splendor and beauty in 'Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus,' the conquering blue sky, the melting shades in 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'—in anything he may paint, the beauty of his colors, the grace of his forms. . . .

"This London climate depresses me fearfully, makes me constantly ill, but my mind still seems free to enjoy while my teeth are chattering. All the Turners remain in my mind, the Guido Renis, while I walk in the gloomy streets and wonder that one can here take a cheerful view of life.

I think I would die within six months if I tried to remain in England.

"I long for the sun as I would for a dead friend. . . .

"Walked out alone this morning; went up the Strand to a bookseller. Small shop. Asked for any one well-printed volume of Plato. Had only very cheap editions, not fit to buy, or very expensive, unwieldy ones, not to be had separately. I had an unpleasant sensation that the bookseller tried to cheat me out of four shillings sixpence—a thing I do not like to think, as I have the witness of my own experience that people very seldom try to defraud in the ordinary walks of life, and a different belief would very seriously disturb me. This one exception, however, would have no real effect on my dear conception of this, my own dear world."

She determined not to go to the funeral of a certain distinguished English artist, because, as she gravely put down, she had "seen the gloom of the English at tea-parties and balls, and so could not bear to go to an English funeral."

All during her brief life she seems to have thought deeply upon the subject of religion—

"The Creator of all things has created evil. He is wise. Shall I apologize for Him and attempt to cover up His handiwork with my small hand and say that it does not exist? . . .

"I do not think a Christian should say 'I am a Christian, walk over me. Don't trouble yourself to walk around.' . . .

"Needless martyrdom does not help, but hinder, a good cause; so does the practice of calling a bad thing by a good name, though with the most charitable intention. . . .

"I believe that only Love has eyes. God is Love, and God sees all. Love sees all, and Love alone sees all. . . .

"But one deep thought has gone into my heart that has swept many cobwebs away— the necessity for thankfulness —for praising God for His goodness to me. My heart cries out because I question His existence, but I ask His forgiveness and I worship Him. There is nothing to me that will take the place of belief in Infinity and Divine listening Love. Aunt F. says: 'All my fresh springs are in Thee'; and her soul is refreshed, revived, comforted. I long to say that, but I see human souls mowed down like grass; I see that with many even the higher delights of earth they could not reach; then how are they fit for heaven? I say of those who have struggled, whose spiritual make-up seemed to include the necessity of the alternations of pain, pain, pain, and joy, and of pain again: 'When they are resting, when they have finished the fight, when they count not the few joys they are missing and feel not their woes, why, why waken the turbulent souls? Let them sleep. A future life to rise to? Was it not well that there was an end to this? It was well. A merciful God lets them sleep. They feel not; there is no anguish that with the faintest pang will touch their dead hearts; they clasp not the hands in grief, and with no unmeaning smile and simulated serenity bear the aching dulness of the pain that will not pass. Let them, oh let them sleep.' And still with all these thoughts, with all these doubts, I know there is, there must be, a God. My doubts do not keep me in doubt, but they keep me away from 'the fresh springs,' 'in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.' I say, will the water keep me alive forever? If I do not *know* that it will I will not drink where I should only drink for the hour.

"Yet into my soul the spirit of thankfulness has crept, and I pray God to let it grow greater and greater. The servant of a Roman general was ordered to say to him at

every meal, 'Remember Carthage.' I want every small trouble and each great one that God may send to me to say to me, 'Remember your lasting joy and the goodness of God.'"

In the spring of 1897, upon the retirement of her father from office, she occupied, for the first time since her young girlhood, a private station. It was no longer necessary for her to give up her time to anything but to her family, to her friends, and to her books. She chose to spend the summer in a retired country place, where, with many books, and seeing but few persons, she passed perhaps the happiest time of her life. In those bright and peaceful months she put in order the materials she had collected, and wrote this book. Her recreations were long walks and rides.

On a certain day in September she was thrown from her horse, and received what was supposed to be a slight injury. She paid little heed to it, and returning to Washington in the autumn, re-established her household. This was the last work she was permitted to do. It was work for those she loved, and, as such, it was dearer to her than the writing of any book could possibly be.

As the weeks passed on, her health began to fail. Presently she lay in her bed, seldom rising from it, but always patient, and even gay. She sang ballads very sweetly, and it was one of the greatest pleasures of her father to listen to her singing the

quaint old songs her mother had sung and had loved. Often, when he sat by her bedside, she would sing to him quite gayly and cheerfully. As the months passed on, though, and she grew no better, serious alarm was felt for her. Suddenly, and with scarce a day's warning, the injury to the spine flew to the brain, and in less than forty-eight hours she was no more. She died on the 22d of December, 1897, in her thirtieth year — young, gifted, loving, and greatly loved.

"Oh, eloquent and mighty Death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world. . . . Thou hast drawn together all the far-scattered greatness, all the pride . . . of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *hic jacet*."

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES

The facts contained in this account of Washington's domestic life were gleaned in a study of the following histories and publications:

Ford's "Writings of Washington"; Irving's "Life of Washington"; Mrs. R. E. Lee's "Memoirs of George Washington Parke Custis"; "Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington," by George Washington Parke Custis; Marshall's "Life of Washington"; Schroeder's "Life and Times of Washington"; Lossing's "Life of Washington"; Sparks' "Life of Washington"; Rush's "Washington in Domestic Life"; Henry Cabot Lodge's "Life of Washington"; Griswold's "Republican Court"; Edward Everett Hale's "Life of Washington"; "Critical Period of American History," by John Fiske; Woodrow Wilson's "Life of Washington"; Twining's "Travels in America" (1795); "George Washington as an Inventor and Promoter of the Useful Arts," by J. M. Toner, D.D.; "Life of Jefferson," American Statesman Series; "Germantown Road and Its Associations," by Townsend Ward; "Washington After the Revolution," by William S. Baker; "Extracts from Diary of Jacob Hiltzheimer"; "Letter of Theophilus Bradbury to His Daughter Harriet"; "Letter of Edward Thornton, Secretary Legation to English Minister" (1793); "Excerpts from Account-Books of Washington," by J. M. Toner, D.D. (the six last-

mentioned articles found within twenty volumes of the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography"); "Germantown, Mt. Airy, and Chestnut Hill," by Rev. S. F. Hotchkiss; "Travels of the Marquis de Chastellux in North America in the Years 1780–'81–'82"; "George Washington, Day by Day," by Elizabeth Bryant Johnson; "Mt. Vernon and Its Associations," by B. J. Lossing; "Mary and Martha Washington," by B. J. Lossing; "Life of General Lafayette," by Bayard Tuckerman; "Mt. Vernon Record," a Magazine of Washingtoniana, printed in Philadelphia from August, 1858, to February, 1860; Aaron Bancroft's "Life of Washington"; Lamb's "History of New York City"; "Washington's Diary," edited by B. J. Lossing; "Memorial History of the City of New York," edited by James Grant Wilson; Moulton's "History of New York"; "History of Philadelphia," by J. Thomas Scharf and Thomas Westcott; Howe's "Virginia: Its History and Antiquities"; Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia"; "Authenticated Copy of the Last Will and Testament of George Washington of Mt. Vernon, Embracing a Schedule of His Real Estate, and Notes Thereto by the Testator," published by A. Jackson, 1868; "Barons of the Potomack and the Rappahannock," Moncure Conway. Weems' "Life of Washington," and Paul Leicester Ford's "The True George Washington" were read.

THE AUTHOR

Part I

CHILDHOOD AND LIFE AT MOUNT VERNON

THE FIRST AMERICAN

WASHINGTON had little private life from his nineteenth year to his death-hour. Even in his "retirement" at Mount Vernon he was busily engaged in moulding public opinion, writing much on the questions of the day. Perhaps no historical character of the first magnitude ever left more voluminous records of himself. These photograph his mind and heart; from them any man may know him that will.

An inner life he had—strong and deep—too deep to let down the floodgates in the style of John Evelyn in his diary, or of Marie Bashkirtseff in her journal. He was a man of action, and his actions are our chief index to his thought, the spring of action. A Frederick the Great, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, a Gladstone, an Emerson, and a chorus of the world's great trace the thought and call him great. Now and then an American scribe thinks to detect that he was no greater than

he should have been; and sells books on the strength of the attention-attracting idea.

There is nothing of importance concerning Washington's public life that is true that has not been told over and over again, till the words are half meaningless. Tales of the household are less dwelt upon. Of his military headquarters many are reverently preserved, and many houses are standing in which he visited or lodged.

Viewing his life, not in its military aspect, but in the distinctively civil, with a special eye to the after-fate of the buildings that had the honor to shelter his lares and penates, we discover that of the eight houses identified with his home life only two are standing: his favorite, that at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, where lies his body; and a temporary Presidential dwelling occupied perhaps for two months—the Perot-Morris house in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

We treat of Washington's life in these eight houses, and of their fate, in turn.

Here is a fragment of a letter found during the Civil War in a deserted mansion near the York River:

MOUNT VERNON

WMSBURG, *Ye 7th of Oct.*, 1722.

DEAR SUKEY: Madam Ball of Lancaster and her Sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mama thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden she knows. She is about 16 old, is taller than Me, is verry sensable, Modest, and Loving. Her hair is like unto Flax, Her Eyes are the color of Yours, and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish you could See Her.

"Sweet Molly" was a belle in the county of Lancaster, Virginia. She is more familiarly known to history as Mary Ball. At twenty-three she was unmarried; a strong, handsome, "sensable" girl. A year later she became engaged. Her fiancé was a wealthy widower, with two children, whose wife had been dead about sixteen months; his name, Augustine Washington. The home he brought her to, "Wakefield," * in the near-by county of Westmoreland, was a farm of a thousand acres, stretching for a mile and more along the smiling broad Potomac, from Popes to Bridges creek. The house was on or near Popes Creek.

* The name "Wakefield" seems not to have been given the place until the publication of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, twenty-two years later.

It illustrates the obscurity of our early history that no absolutely reliable picture can be given of the Wakefield house as it then stood. Lossing paints it as a four-room cottage of wood, with attic, tall roof, and long eaves sloping low in front into the covering of a tiny piazza looking out upon the river. Conway says, in *Barons of the Potomac and Rappahannock*, that it was not a cottage, but a spacious residence, and for his proof relies upon three facts. First, that Washington, in writing to Sir Isaac Heard, says that his half-brother Augustine (Austin) "occupied the ancient mansion-seat until his death." But this was a designation of the place where, rather than a description of the residence in which, Austin lived. Second, that the inventory of the estate of Austin, who had inherited, and who had died at Wakefield in 1762, showed eight handsome bedroom sets, besides furniture for dining-room and parlor. Third, that excavations have shown extensive brick foundations.

Now these foundations were not extensive. The survey made by Civil-Engineer John Stewart, of the United States army, for the

PLAN SHOWING THE FOUNDATION OF WAKEFIELD HOUSE IN WHICH WASHINGTON WAS BORN

government, is here given, and there is nothing else to show with historical accuracy the shape and size of the house in which George Washington was born.

What appears to have been the body of the house was 20 feet by 17 feet 3 inches, and the wing was 21 feet 3 inches by 13 feet 9 inches. If Mr. Stewart got all the foundations, and it must be presumed he did his work thoroughly, the house was not extensive. The inventory cited by Conway is undoubtedly reliable, but the furniture was some of it probably in out-houses. Mr. J. E Wilson, a very intelligent old gentleman, who married one of the Washingtons and is the present owner of Wakefield, in an interesting letter to the writer says his conclusion is that the house "was by no means a large one, and that to indulge in the lavish hospitality of the period required sleeping-rooms in detached buildings;" and he also says that this was the custom at other households within his own memory.

Lossing also says the birth-house was destroyed by fire in 1735, but this is disputed by Conway and others. If there was a fire then,

there was also another about 1779. The house was in 1779 the property of William A., the son of Austin Washington, and Mr. Wilson had the story of this fire from persons who themselves remembered it, and also from William A. Washington's daughter, Mrs. Sarah Tayloe Washington, whose father told it to her. Mr. Wilson also had it from Henry Weldon, "an uneducated man of good reputation," that he remembered the house destroyed by fire in 1779 "as a main building with a hipped roof and dormer-windows, and a one-story wing, which would not tally with Lossing's picture, but would easily fit the foundations" presented in this article.

Much of the fine furniture left by Austin at his death had doubtless been purchased by him. He was the wealthiest of the Washingtons, and had married a woman who had also wealth, and was "a dashing figure at the races."

It may be reasonably assumed that in the house to which the bride had come the furnishings were plain. There was no luxury, but servants a plenty and solid comfort. An elderly woman relative had charge of the two

boys, Lawrence and Augustine, nine and seven years old. She no doubt thought the elder Augustine might have been satisfied with things as they were. Upon a table in one room lay Sir Matthew Hale's sweet tonic *Contemplations, Moral and Divine.* On the fly-leaf the first wife had written her name, "Jane Washington." Instead of regarding the signature with horror, hiding the book from her sight, perhaps tearing out the leaf, the new wife wrote beneath, "and Mary Washington." She faced facts boldly, studied the book, and taught its precepts to her children when they came. Her first-born was George Washington.

After the death of George Washington his adopted son placed where the Wakefield house had stood a slab of stone commemorating the fact that hallowed the spot that was the birthplace of Washington. He commended the care of the modest memorial to the patriotism of his fellow-countrymen. The stone long ago fell to pieces, but the government has erected a monument.

Lossing says that in 1735 Augustine moved with his family to his estate on the Rappahannock, within sight of Fredericksburg, in Staf-

ford County, and that the house at this place was almost an exact reproduction of what he had described as the "Wakefield" cottage—four rooms with attic. But Conway proves from certain old records of Truro Parish (in which lies Mount Vernon) that the residence of Augustine Washington immediately after removal from "Wakefield" was at Mount Vernon, where he probably remained five years, going, when the Mount Vernon house was burned, to the home on the Rappahannock—"a plain wooden structure of moderate size, of a dark red color" (Conway)—a description not disagreeing in substance with Lossing, though Conway asserts, without offering evidence, that the picture given in Lossing's *Mary and Martha Washington* is not correct. Our illustration is after Lossing's drawing, in collecting the material for which he spent thirty years.

By the time the family moved to the Rappahannock, "Sweet Molly," from "a sensable, modest" girl, had grown into a fine manager, a firm woman; judging from what is written of her—no great amount—she was not given to much talk; when she spoke, speaking her

THE MONUMENT MARKING WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE

mind; an entity. She must have been a just step-mother; much money was spent in the education of her step-sons, Lawrence and Austin, who were sent to England, while her own children received but the meagre education to be had in Virginia country schools. As a boy, Lawrence Washington of Chotank (a relative, not the half-brother) often played with George at the house on the Rappahannock. "Of the mother," wrote Lawrence of Chotank, "I was more afraid than of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness; and even now, when time has whitened my locks and I am the grandfather of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe."

Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, returned from England a fine young gentleman when George was still going to "Mr. Hobby's" "old field" school, diligently learning to misspell. There was a pretty affection between George and his brother. Lawrence went off again, a doughty captain in the King's navy, to whip the Spanish—English enough, no doubt, to be glad there was some-

body that needed whipping. The envious George, left behind, consoled his military fancies by marshalling half the school, "the English," in battle-array against the other half, "the Spanish," led by Señor Don William Bustle.

Augustine Washington held in memory the wife of his youth. He died in 1743, leaving his handsomest estate, Mount Vernon — regarding Conway's assertion concerning "Wakefield" as unproved—to Lawrence, his first wife's eldest born. Americans had then, however, a propensity to observe the English law of primogeniture, and so it may be that Mary Washington had no cause for jealousy.

The home on the Rappahannock, bequeathed to George, has long since paid its debt to nature, and is no more.

George Washington came into possession of Mount Vernon in 1755, at twenty-three. Before it became his, it was on all days open to him, from the time of the marriage of his loved half-brother, Lawrence, in 1743, when George was eleven years old, to the death of Lawrence, in 1752, and the final fulfilment of his will. The estate was left by Lawrence

THE HOUSE ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK
(After the drawing by Lossing)

to his only surviving child, a daughter, with reversion, in case of her death without issue, to George. The daughter, a delicate child, died soon after. There is said to have been a slight disagreement with the widow in regard to the will.

The name of the estate, Epsewasson, or Hunting Creek, had been changed by Lawrence—a consequence of his enthusiastic admiration of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the West Indies during the war with Spain.

Mount Vernon is in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the Potomac, sixteen miles below Washington. There is no beauty of heart that would not be fostered by the beautiful natural surroundings. The house, simpler then than later, stands two hundred feet above the water, on a broadly rolling eminence green with grass, and with trees shading where they need to shade. The river sweeps lovingly, caressingly around and about, loath to leave, and spreads beneath the glistening sun or the quiet moon or the dull gray clouds of threatening storm into a breadth of two miles of reflecting

water. There is something that seems limitless in the view, promiseful.

The house, generally said to have been built by Lawrence (Conway says it was built by Lawrence's father), had, when Washington inherited it, but two floors and an attic, four rooms on each floor. There were twenty-five hundred acres in the estate; this, with the inheritance from his father of the farm on the Rappahannock, where his mother still lived, made Washington in his youth comparatively land-wealthy, which means poor to Virginians. There was little more ready money then in farming than to-day.

With their neighbors the Fairfaxes, across the River at Belvoir, the estate of Lord Thomas Fairfax, the Mount Vernon household had much and pleasant intercourse. Old Lord Thomas, a kindly eccentric, a disappointed refugee from the worldly world of London, had in the years past, when George visited his brother Lawrence, conceived an active liking for the masculine, handsome young fellow, who, though shy in the presence of ladies, had a sane man's fancy for a pretty face, and the ready ability to adorn his

place, afield or in drawing-room, that native dignity confers. The old lord's respect for fitness of dress no doubt had its effect upon the youthful Washington, though there was no lack of regard in Virginia for Polonius's advice concerning purse and habit.

It was a crystalline day, the 6th of January — old style — 1759. Up to a colonial mansion, the "White House," in New Kent County, Virginia, a spanking team of horses clattered and stopped, puffing clouds of breath on the frosty air. From the great coach a brisk-faced, slow, important gentleman in scarlet dress stepped out, British from forehead to foot—his Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Fauquier, come with his wife to grace the wedding party of young Colonel George Washington, a new Burgess in the Virginia Assembly. The Lieutenant-Governor assisted the lady to alight. His sword clanking as he followed her, removing his belaced cocked hat, he entered, to add to festive brilliance within. The dark eyes of the comely little bride, "the widow Custis that was," were bright. She greeted them with dignity, softened by a desire to please into the gracious-

ness that is Southern. In white satin threaded with silver, and quilted petticoat, she wore pearls entwined in her soft brown hair. Her little feet in high-heeled slippers, "the smallest fives,"* twinkled with buckles of brilliants. Point-lace ruffles fell about plump tapering arms and bosom, and adorned with bracelets and necklace of pearls she looked tiny beside the tall bridegroom, in his costume of blue lined with red silk, embroidered white satin waistcoat, gold knee and shoe buckles, and sword. Happiness beamed in his glance and movement. He was the handsomest man of the handsome assemblage, it is said, and he had the quality that most quickly makes a woman love — masterfulness unmixed with tyranny. He was twenty-seven, she but three months younger. Her charms were such that on the day they met he knew that he wished to marry her. He had seen her but four times before marriage; each time, however, was a day or more, or little less; and a correspondence during eight months had furthered acquaintance and ripened confidence. It was a

* For some reason shoes are numbered differently now—woman's vanity, perhaps.

COLONEL WASHINGTON'S WEDDING RECEPTION

hopeful wedding, a suitable match. All made merry, and every servant on the plantation had a holiday and a gift.

To be near Williamsburg, the seat of the Virginia Assembly, the honeymoon was spent at the White House,* the home of the bride, once the property of Daniel Parke Custis, her first husband. The ground on which the old White House stood, and the changed buildings, are now the property of Mr. Robert E. Lee, Jr.

When the Assembly adjourned, young Washington brought his bride to Mount Vernon. For forty-six years Mount Vernon was Washington's home. He died and was buried there. It was to him the reality and ideality of home. To tell of what he did from Mount Vernon as a base would be to tell his

* It is said in Williamsburg and New Kent County that the wedding *ceremony* took place at the parish church —St. Peter's. Custis and others state that it was performed at the residence of the bride. There is no contention concerning the fact of the wedding party at the White House and the honeymoon.

The "White House" in the city of Washington is said to have been so called in compliment to Mrs. Washington.

entire history, leaving out the little that is positively known of his mother's mighty preliminary work, to which he said he owed all.

It was from Mount Vernon, in 1753, at the age of twenty-one, that he was sent by the English Governor Dinwiddie on his delicate mission of warning to the French, concerning disputed possessions on the Ohio; from Mount Vernon that, in 1755, after having resolved to devote his life, as Bancroft says, to "agricultural and philosophick pursuits," he went, a colonel at twenty-three, to join the English Braddock as aide-de-camp in the war against the French; from Mount Vernon that he went for fifteen years to Williamsburg, a Burgess to the Virginia Assembly; from Mount Vernon that he wrote, at the right time, a volley of letters to friends prominent in Virginia statesmanship, to express grave opinions against the right of England to tax the colonies; that he went to preside over the Fairfax County meeting, which his opinions largely had called together, to agree upon non-importation of taxed articles; that he journeyed to the two Congresses in Philadelphia—at the first to proclaim and protest against American

wrongs, at the second to be chosen commander-in-chief of the revolted United Colonies, to be absent eight years (less three days), fighting a desperate fight, to end in the triumph that gave liberty the sweetest chance to grow that it has ever had; it was at Mount Vernon that he gave up again his loved occupation of farming to be a clear-eyed pilot to the beauteous new ship of state, till he carried it out to sea.

Washington's life at Mount Vernon, after settlement there as owner, naturally divides into three periods. The first (1755–75) includes his young married life, and ends with the outbreak of the Revolution; the second (1783–89) begins with his return after the Revolution, and closes with his election to the Presidency; the third (1797–99) embraces the close of his life. The final days we shall consider after recounting household arrangements and family happenings in the four houses—two in New York, one in Philadelphia, and one in Germantown—occupied while President.

In the first period (1755–75) Washington was farmer, vestryman, sportsman, member

of the House of Burgesses, colonel of the Virginia militia, and delegate, finally, to the two Continental Congresses at Philadelphia. Prominent by reason of extraordinarily early military success, hospitable, provident, inventive, he grew steadily in reputation and in wealth. In all his days a great user of the pen in diaries, in letters, in contracts, he slowly eradicated much of the result of miseducation at self-satisfied Mr. Hobby's "old field" school.*

The early household consisted of Washington and his wife, and her two Custis children, four and six years old at the time of Washington's marriage, John and Martha—"Jacky" and "Patsy": Jacky, mischief-making, active; Patsy, a sweet, tender little thing, unusually brunette, colorless, and frail. Washington paid much attention to the claims of relationship. Visiting for days, weeks, months, or with no apparent intention of departure, guests continually filled his house—his and his wife's relatives; the aristocracy of the neighborhood and their guests; chance gentlemen, with and

* Hobby said that it was he that laid the foundation of Washington's greatness.

without letters of introduction, from England and elsewhere; the clergy; Virginia politicians; the portrait-painter, good and bad, chiefly bad, who had his field throughout the country.

When the Fairfaxes came over to stay the day, and perhaps the night, for a good run to the hounds, most of the guests joined in. The men wore gay, true sportsman costumes. Colonel Washington's superfine red waistcoat was trimmed in gold lace, and contrasted well with his handsome blue broadcloth coat, fitting loose across broad shoulders. His neat silver-capped switch had small need to touch fiery Blueskin, his favorite horse, who curveted beneath him while waiting for the start, and when the signal came was off at a bound.

The Colonel was fearless of any but a stumbling horse, sat with ease and power, had a wonderful grip with his knees.

"I require but one good quality in a horse —to go along," said he, though Blueskin was graceful and well proportioned.

The ladies on hunting days, in dainty last-century dress, some of them in crimson riding-habits, made a mighty pretty picture following

within cry of the hounds. They kept to the roads on horseback, or in Mrs. Washington's chariot and four, the coachman and the black postilion astride a forward horse, wearing the Washington livery of scarlet, white, and gold, the right colors in the leafy roads.

The uninitiated might think Washington the chief figure in the fetching Virginia pageant. He was not, if Billy, the negro huntsman, was a judge. It was Billy himself, gayly dressed and tickled into a sensation of delight possible only to a bedizened darky. Billy's horse, Chinkling, built something like his rider, low and sturdy—a wonderful leaper—was ambitious. It was, "Come, Music! Come, Sweetlips! Ho! Truelove!" The dogs pricked up their ears. Billy, his French-horn slung round his neck, black velvet cap pulled over his eyes, long whip gathered back in hand, mounted with sudden vim, threw himself nearly at length along Chinkling; the dust flew, the woods echoed with sounds of horse and blatant, excited, negro voice, chuckling, warning, urging on to pursuit above the mellow yelping of the long-tongued, hastening hounds.

When there was a death, Washington was

"THE WOODS BEYOND"

in at it, but seven or eight times they chased in vain one old fox—a black. Billy expressed the belief that he was kin to the devil. Saucy Reynard flourished his vanishing brush, went "ten or twenty miles on end," and returned at night to the starting-point, fresh and ready for another chase. They never killed him.

On return, the sporting party found a good dinner amply spread in the old-fashioned American—for that matter, old European—way, everything except dessert on the table at once; beer or cider for Washington; for the the others, wine, of which Washington also took a little. The dinner hour was three; the getting-ready bell rang at a quarter of three. The Colonel was a punctualist. As the hunt began at daybreak, breakfast by candle-light, it was probably no hardship to the ladies to be ready on time for dinner on hunting days. There were no belated dinner guests among them such as we moderns have sometimes known.

In the cool damp kennel, about a hundred yards from the old family burying-vault, the hounds had a noisy feeding, lapping and snapping and snarling, a cheery sound with a rip-

pling undertone accompaniment from the spring of running water in the midst of the rude paled-in enclosure. They were high-bred animals. Colonel Washington visited them twice a day. Lucky dogs!

Billy's rival in importance was Bishop, an "Englishman," a "biggety" light mulatto from England, Colonel Washington's body-servant and chief of stables. To Billy's taste, Bishop was overfond of talking of his "sarvice in two wars," of America, and of "those outlandish countries," Europe; too fond of cackling his ideas of the superiority of native English to colonials. Bishop was a fine old creature spoiled. It was a rare treat to hear his account of the last words of General Braddock, in whose service as valet he had come over from England. At Braddock's defeat, the brave, foolhardy General, mortally wounded, regretful not to have taken young Washington's advice, which might possibly have saved him defeat, tender-hearted, bethought him of his faithful valet.

"Bishop," said he, "you are getting too old for war. I advise you to remain in America and go into the service of Colonel Washing-

ton. Be as faithful to him as you have been to me, and you may rely upon it that the remainder of your days will be well cared for and happy."

Bishop was faithful. Washington had a grateful heart, as witnessed by the make-up of his households and many things not "writ in water." Bishop became a power among the servants at Mount Vernon. His service in two wars gave him moral right to authority. He was a good deal of a martinet. He visited the stables before sunrise, and applied a piece of white muslin to the horses' coats; if a bit of stain showed upon it, he was rude to the stable-boys.

In Southern homes it was never the fashion to speak of slaves as slaves; they were negroes or servants. Washington called his slaves "my people." There were forty-nine of his people in 1760; eighty-nine in 1770; one hundred and thirty-five in 1774. He hired white servants also, and a number of European stewards and laborers, who came over under contract.

The housekeeping was conducted with the delicious ease, pleasant to think of, that

makes a house seem to keep itself. Each of the army of servants had a specified work. Mrs. Washington came in often to see the spinning negro women—sixteen wheels going at once. Very pretty stuffs they made, heavy and light, for Mrs. Washington as well as for the servants. Two of her attractive home-spun dresses were of cotton striped with silk ravelled from old brown silk stockings and crimson damask chair-covers. The lady knew the proper price of household articles; carried a bunch of jingling keys at her pretty waist, slender in those days. Clad in daintinesses that make beauty even where it is not, she embroidered much. She was prayerful. She was gay. Well educated, as education for women went. In her letters her sentences are easily and well turned, the irrelevant capitals delightful. Her life had a sky that was not only round, but limitless. Religion gave to her all the vista that any woman needs, allowing her the use of her talents, those of an industrious housewife and graceful grande dame.

The house remained during these twenty years very much as Lawrence Washington

"MRS. WASHINGTON CAME IN OFTEN TO SEE THE SPINNING NEGRO WOMEN"

left it — plain, square, with not more than eight rooms and attic. To its substantial, comfortable furniture Washington added, soon after marriage, busts of his favorite heroes—Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charles XII. of Sweden, the King of Prussia, Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Marlborough —military, you observe.

Frail Patsy died, just budding into womanhood, in 1773. Washington, self-contained in public, was affectionate; he tenderly loved Patsy. He knelt by the bed praying for her recovery, not perceiving that the breath already had left her body. She had been devoted to her step-father, and left him her entire fortune, consisting solely of money. To comfort his wife he stayed away from an important political engagement—a journey with Lord Dunmore.

The next year wayward, half-spoiled Jacky married a strip of a girl when he himself was but a boy. On account of Jack's youth, the Colonel objected beforehand, but gave in gracefully to the inevitable. Mrs. Washington, in mourning for Patsy, could not attend the wedding, but sent by the Colonel a dainty

note of welcome to the bride, and gave to the newly married couple the next day, at Mount Vernon, an infair.

Bishop was growing old. Billy had the satisfaction of replacing him as body-servant.

Old Mr. Mason, Washington's neighbor of Gunston Hall, was a vestryman of Pohick church. So was Washington. The church grew too ancient for use. A new one was to be built. At the vestry meeting there was a disagreement; Mr. Mason was firm in advocating one site, Colonel Washington firm in advocating another. The meeting adjourned to a later day for time to consider. The second meeting took place. With eloquence Mr. Mason pleaded the tender associations connected with the old site, endeared, he was sure, to every member of Truro Parish by memories most hallowed and sweet. There was sympathy. Mr. Mason perorated perhaps with faltering voice. Everybody was touched; minds were about made up.

Colonel Washington unfolded a paper. It contained exact measurements he had personally made of the distance from Mr. Mason's hallowed spot to everybody's house in the

parish, and distances from everybody's house in the parish to Colonel Washington's site, and ended with a sum in arithmetic showing which caused the most people the least trouble.

Colonel Washington's site carried.

A laughable exhibition this of the quality that, as much as any other, brought about Washington's public and private success—his unresting ability to give himself pains. Steps from the sublime to the ridiculous are easily taken, but of the rare step upward from ridiculous to sublime there is no better illustration than in Washington's exactness. His faults were his virtues turned wrong side out.

Weightier questions submitted themselves to Washington's genius; but we turn to the house and household at Mount Vernon as we find them after the Revolution.

When Washington left Mount Vernon in 1775, a delegate to the second Congress in Philadelphia, he was an eminent Virginian, widely spoken of in America, known by reputation to the authorities in England. After an absence of eight years less three days he returned, a famed conqueror, praised of the world; Kings whose power his success threat-

ened proclaiming, too, his greatness—Louis XVI. of France, Carlos IV. of Spain, Frederick the Great, and the rulers of far China and Siam, their applause not drowning that of the great of England, his foe.

It was on Christmas eve that Washington drew near to the gates of Mount Vernon, his true, dear wife beside him in the chaise. The sun was setting; the air, unusual, kind and sweet, half like a May day. On horseback, three aides — Colonel Humphreys, Colonel Smith, and Colonel Walker — accompanied him. Ahead of them Billy rode to announce the arrival to Bishop, now a white-haired pensioner of eighty, living at ease in the cottage built for him especially. The excited, trembling old man got at once into full regimentals, the musty, moth-eaten uniform he had worn as a British soldier "in two wars." Beside the road he "stood attention" as the horsemen and the chaise advanced, his time-tinted uniform a grateful bit of scarlet in the leafless landscape. He made the salute with his old cocked hat. His slender, light mulatto daughter, a beauty, stood beside him and dropped a curtsy, the color mounting to her cheek. The

General and Lady Washington stopped graciously to ask "how they did."

Mrs. Washington's conduct, kind and patrician, as well as plucky, had won her the title of "Lady" from the army. She had more to do than was easily done to welcome and provide for the humble and the eminent that flocked to Mount Vernon to greet the risen neighbor.

It was a gleeful Yule-tide, when many a glass of palate-tickling "methigler"* found its easy way to the shining negroes; and no doubt, among the guests, many a glass of "peach-and-honey"† testified the good quality of Lady Washington's receipts.

Nature was thoughtful of Washington in many ways. She had purposely tried him at Valley Forge to show how great it was possible for an American to be. Now, the happy Christmas over, and guests arriving too plentifully, she put a sudden stop to balminess, and piled snows around Mount Vernon deep and

* The popular pronunciation of *metheglin*, a drink made of fermented honey, spices, and water.

† Peach brandy sweetened with honey, without other ingredient—an "old Virginia" beverage.

constant enough to keep off inquiring friends for as much as six weeks. This gave Colonel Humphreys and Colonel Smith a better chance to do the work for which they had accompanied the General to Mount Vernon —the arrangement of his Revolutionary documents.

Colonel Humphreys was a poet. Colonel Smith was no poet, and had no special fondness for live poets. When the desk-work was over and they needed to stretch their limbs, they usually did so in different directions. If he liked, Colonel Humphreys was permitted to address the "verdant hills" covered with snow, undisturbed by an audience.

Colonel Smith's constitutional brought him one day to petted old Bishop's domain, where, not far from the cottage, Sarah, his daughter, was milking. Her figure looked frail as she stooped to pick up the pail, which, foaming to the top with warm-smelling milk, was too heavy for her. "Do, miss, permit my strong arms to assist you," said the gallant New York Colonel, striding quickly up to her.

Of handsome young British officers old Bishop had told awful tales to Sarah, and

why should not these warning tales apply to handsome young American officers as well? She shrieked, threw down the milk, spattering the Colonel from cocked hat to boot toe, and ran to the house, screaming all the way. The sputtering Colonel followed, talking anxiously.

Old Bishop appeared in the doorway. In a dramatic manner he held out his arms to his daughter, and roared to the expostulating Colonel: "I'm a-goin' to tell the General! I'm a-goin' right straight an' tell the General."

The Colonel explained his harmless kindness.

"I'm a-goin' to tell the madam, too — the madam, the same as raised my child!" continued the old fellow, wagging his head, too deaf or too angry to hear. Fussing and fuming, he pushed his daughter before him, stepped inside, and slammed the door in the Colonel's face.

Colonel Smith said a word or two to the empty air.

He sought Billy. Billy was growing old; his head, we are told, was like a bunch of old sheep's wool, and he had been crippled by an

accident, but his tongue had not lost its African honey.

"It's bad enough, Billy," said the Colonel, "for this story to get to the General's ears, but for the lady to hear it will never do. Then there's Humphreys; he'll be out upon me in a damned long poem that will spread my misfortunes from Dan to Beersheba."

Billy was sent ambassador to the "Englishman." He met Bishop, gorgeously equipped in the red uniform of "two wars," going in state to lay his affair before the General and Lady Washington. Powerful arguments prevailed. Mollified by whatever Billy had said, Bishop returned to his cottage. Colonel Smith made a point of remembering its locality, to keep away, and gave Billy a guinea.

When the snows melted, visitors came again in flocks. Hospitality before the Revolution, though constant, had left Mrs. Washington time to be hostess as well as housewife. Now she would have been but a tavern-keeper had she continued unassisted to manage domestic details. George Washington made it his office to obtain for her a housekeeper or steward.

There were now four grandchildren. Their father, Jack Custis, was dead, but not before he had had the ineffable pleasure of seeing the British march out, colors cased in surrender, between the ranks of our victorious arms at Yorktown. Jack's widow was married again. Washington adopted two of Jack's children, George and Nelly. Usually the other two were also at Mount Vernon.

The house grew too small. Washington minutely planned, in the spring of 1784, and superintended, the additions and alterations that changed it into its present appearance. He made it nearly a story higher, and added on one side a library, with so many secret cupboards for storage that it is "a room within a room." Bedrooms and closets were built on the floors above. On the other side of the house was added a spacious drawing-room, its ceiling the height of two floors—a room used on occasion as banqueting-hall. The family dining-room and two smaller parlors within the old, the middle part of the house, were exquisitely frescoed in faint shades and gold. There is uncertain tradition that the walls of the large drawing-room were papered. Dur-

ing Lafayette's visit invitations were out, it is said, for a ball in his honor. A handsome imported paper was to hang. The paperers failed to appear. Lafayette himself, assisted by the household, put it up in time for the ball. The authority for the story is unknown to the writer. It is in keeping with the character of the generous, helpful, broad-minded man, who knew why we are given two hands—that we may do our own tasks of sword or needle or pen, and, immediately when opportunity asks, the undone task of anybody.

The enlarged house was now a "mansion," a far cry from the four-room cottage in which Washington was born, if many historians are right; and one likes to think they are right—it shows better the stuff of which the first American was made. From each side of the house, on the west front, graceful semicircular arcades led to the kitchen on the left and an out-house on the right, leaving a court in the centre, surrounded by carriage drives. The house was entirely of wood, cut in imitation of stone, painted white, the blinds a very dark green.

It was after the Revolution, in August, 1784, that Lafayette returned from Europe and gave Washington the first opportunity to welcome him at Mount Vernon. Lafayette was as lovable a young hero as any whose heart has been touched with fire celestial. Grave for his years, there had been an instant bond between Washington and himself, equals in nobility of soul, though Lafayette was less prescient, less wise, and, alas, in his country's affairs, less successful. Americans wished him every happiness. His name is a happiness to the American that reads of him.

The French minister, the Comte de Moustier, and his very French sister, the Marquise de Brienne, visited later. In a letter Washington says he does not appreciate Madame la Marquise's penchant for fondling negro babies.

The clergy did not forget their ancient welcome. Among them was the now discredited Mr. Weems, the more-than-half-good, volatile person, apt at dropping into sentimental heroics, who in his history applied the cherry-tree story to Washington. The incident is said to have been copied bodily from an old

biography of some other man. (See Lodge's *Life of Washington.*)

When a man becomes great, his government ought to build him a private museum. Washington needed one in which to bestow the handsome and odd presents that arrived —an engraving of Louis XVI., sent by that King; a Masonic apron embroidered by the Marquise Lafayette;* a pair of asses from the King of Spain; two very full sets of Sèvres china; a miniature ship fifteen feet long; a puncheon of Jamaica rum; portraits of himself; Chinese pagodas. The overgrown cabbages and freak watermelons that came were no doubt numberless.

The house, which before had probably lacked bric-à-brac and pictures more than anything else, soon filled up luxuriously.

Lafayette, returning to France, sent a pack of troublesome blooded hounds, huge and savage enough to attack a wild-boar. Indepen-

* Not to be confounded with another apron, also wrought in France, and presented by Watson (Elkanah) and Cassoul. After Washington's death one of these aprons came to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, the other to Lodge No. 22, at Alexandria, Va.

dent big Vulcan went into the kitchen, and ran away with a smoking fat ham cooked to a turn for a dinner party that was serving. General Washington, like a man, laughed at the mishap. Lady Washington did not.

But the hunting days, as well as the dancing, were over for Washington. The last hunt was in 1785. The dogs were sold; the kennel abolished. A deer-park was established on the water-front. The Presidential days arrived.

Part II

IN NEW YORK

THE seat of the national government in 1789 was in New York city. The first election under the present Constitution was held in February of that year. It was known before the counting of the electoral votes that Washington was elected. Before the official announcement of his election he wrote, March 30, 1789, to James Madison in Congress:

I take the liberty of requesting a favor of you to engage lodgings for me previous to my arrival. Mr. Lear, who has lived with me three years as a private secretary, will accompany or precede me in the stage; and Colonel Humphreys, I presume, will be of my party. On the subject of lodgings, I will frankly declare to you, that I mean to go into none but hired ones. If these cannot be had tolerably convenient (for I shall not be nice about them), I would take rooms in the most decent tavern till a house can be provided for the more permanent reception of the President. I have already declined a very polite and pressing invitation from the Governor [of New York, Clinton] to lodge at his house, till a place could be

prepared for me; after which, should any other offer of a similar nature be made, there could be no propriety in my acceptance of it.

Window-panes broke with the joyous firing, bunting floated from house and tree, and all sorts of merrymaking stuff showed the sentiments of New York when Washington entered. At night wonderful transparencies at Don Gardoqui's, the Spanish minister's, tried to outshine the French minister's decorations designed by fantastic-artistic Madame de Brienne. The Quakers alone and the anti-Federalists (those opposed to the adoption of the Constitution) were silent, except when the latter quarrelled about their broken windows.

The President found a house prepared and furnished by order of Congress for his use. A fine dinner awaited him. The cook lamented wasted art; the President dined with the Governor.

At his inaugural Washington announced that, as in the Revolution, he would allow only his expenses to be paid, would receive no salary. Yielding to the plea of relieving less wealthy successors of the embarrassment of this example, he consented, afterwards, to re-

FRANKLIN HOUSE, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

ceive a yearly salary of $25,000, which he used at once in expenses incident to the office and in entertaining.

The house selected was that on the corner of Cherry and Franklin streets, near Franklin Square, referred to varyingly as No. 10 and as No. 3 Cherry Street, and known as the Franklin House. It was the property of Mrs. Samuel Osgood, wife of one of the two members of Congress deputed to select a Presidential residence. It came into her possession through her first husband, Walter Franklin, the builder, a deceased merchant prince of New York. One of the largest, finest houses in the city, though not in the most fashionable quarter, it had been rented formerly as residence for the presidents of Congress. Small idea of it can be had from anything but a picture or an inventory; descriptions of it differ as widely as the describers. Quakers called it the "Palace." The French minister, writing to his home government, spoke of it as a "humble dwelling"; the simple were impressed with its elegance; the elegant with its simplicity.

The house was of brick, of three stories, amply lighted by many well-sized, small-paned

windows. There was a heavy brass knocker on the single-panelled door in Cherry Street, the main entrance, reached by short flights of steps, one at each side of a tiny porch. A vestibule projecting from the house formed the entrance on Franklin Street. It was, for a private citizen, a large house, though simple, substantial. It was well fitted up. For repairs and refurnishing, Congress paid Mr. Osgood $8000.

A Quakeress, Mrs. Sarah Robinson, niece of Walter Franklin, the builder of the house, wrote to a friend or relative:

April 30th of the fourth month, 1789.

. . . Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington. . . . Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry Street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to look at it. The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw; the whole of the first and second stories is papered, and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honor to my aunts and Lady Kitty; they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it. Accordingly they pitch-

ed on their wives as being likely to do it better. I have not yet done, my dear. Is thee not almost tired?... There is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace.

Lady Kitty, sweet wife to Congressman Duer, was daughter of Lord Sterling (so called, though his title was never recognized), a good American and a famous Revolutionary general.

In addition to the complete furniture, including china and plate selected by "my aunts and Lady Kitty," the President brought on by sea from Mount Vernon a quantity of pictures, vases, ornaments, Sèvres china, and silver. Chancellor Livingston's handsome residence, containing many works of art, costly ornaments, and Gobelin tapestries, was one of the few more elegantly fitted out than that of the President.

Washington was a diplomat. By quiet insistence he gained his points. Though the Senate readily acquiesced in his wish that his inaugural address be delivered at his residence, the members of the House of Representatives desired him to go to the House to receive their answer; they were persistent; but so was Washington, and with form and ceremony,

the mace carried first by the proper person, the House, as well as the Senate, delivered its address at the President's residence. By systematically requiring governmental and political personages that wished to address him to go to him, he made his home the Executive Mansion.

The house was really too small for public purposes, and for Washington's big "family," in which term he included accompanying ex-aides and private secretaries—five in all—as well as his foster-children, Nelly and George Washington Parke Custis. What for offices and reception-rooms, poor young Nelson, private secretary, and Robert Lewis, the President's nephew and secretary, had to sleep in the room with the poet, Colonel Humphreys, who lucubrated at dead of night. Lewis's and Nelson's sufferings were considerable. Humphreys was translating "The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom," a tragic French effusion. When lights were out and everything quiet, he would spring out of bed, and with crafty gestures—awful if the moon came in to show them—"render," asking the opinions of Nelson and Lewis.

Mrs. Washington arrived a month later than the President. Systematic entertaining did not begin until her coming. There were levees, dinners, and Drawing Rooms, with pretty ceremony, oiled with wealth and sustained with dignity.

The President's time was overrun with handshakers, politicians, friends, and foreigners. He was compelled to institute certain hours for receptions, or levees, and to provide—which provoked comment as "aristocratical"—that seeing him should be prearranged. The levees were appointed at first for two days weekly—Tuesday and Friday—from two to three; later for one day only, Tuesday, from three to four. None were expected whose standing was not of a certain importance, and no ladies. The President had confidence in Colonel Humphreys, who had been an efficient officer and aide-de-camp during the Revolution; his name is prominent in history, military and civil. We do not come across a critique by Washington on his poetry. During the first imperfect union of the independent States, Colonel Humphreys had been our secretary of legation at Paris, and "had seen

the wheels go round." To him the President left principally the arranging of any necessary ceremony connected with the reception of guests at the levees. Jefferson records in a letter to Madison the story that this is what Humphreys did: He arranged an antechamber and a presence-room. In the presence-room the guests assembled. Humphreys walked through the antechamber, followed by the President. The door of the presence-room was thrown wide open. Humphreys entered first, and in a loud tone exclaimed,

"The President of the United States!"

Washington was greatly disconcerted, and did not recover himself throughout the levee.

When the guests were gone, said he to Humphreys,

"Well, you have taken me in once, but," emphatically, "you shall never take me in a second time."

Afterwards he stood in a room from which the chairs had been removed, and received, as the guests came up to him, their silent bow. They ranged themselves in a semicircle. He did not shake hands; one hand held his cocked hat, the other probably rested on the

hilt of the finely tempered sword in its polished white leathern scabbard, whose tip gleamed from beneath his black velvet coat. At a quarter after three the doors were closed, and the President made a tour of the gentlemen, talking to each in turn. He remembered names and faces remarkably.

Once a week—on Thursday, at four in the afternoon—state dinners were given. Then Fraunces, the steward, "Black Sam"—his complexion was very dark, though he was not a negro—aired his wonderful knowledge of solid and fancy cooking and his ability to make others work. From ten to twenty-two persons were expected besides the "family." The private secretaries were always included. "Black Sam's" fine dishes of roast beef, veal, lamb, turkey, duck, and varieties of game, and his many other inviting viands, and the jelly, the fruits, the nuts and raisins—the body of the dinner, in short—were placed, before the guests came in, upon the table, with careful respect to appearance. Upon the central table ornament, sometimes a long mirror made in sections and framed in silver, were "chaste mythological statuettes." A piece of

bread was placed below each napkin. The china and linen were fine. Washington had excellent champagne, though for himself a silver mug for beer stood at his plate. The waiters, five or six or more in number, wore the brilliant Washington livery, and served with quiet and precision. We hope they allowed more time to each course than is usually allowed at ceremonious dinners in Washington to-day, else talkative guests went away hungry.

The President did not sit at the head of the table, but at the side, in the middle; Mrs. Washington, oddly, sat at the head, on his right; Mr. Lear, private secretary, at the foot. The ladies, instead of being escorted to the drawing-room, left the gentlemen at table. Judging from descriptions in old letters, the dinners were not gladsome. Their dulness must have been properly effective with foreign ministers. At the tables of sovereigns in Europe they were not expected to smile unless the sovereign became tickled, when a wise courtier was amused instantly and vastly. This is the usage, we believe, to-day. Europe holds to antiquities.

WASHINGTON AND MRS. GENERAL GREENE

To the state dinners none but persons of distinction were invited. This does not mean that no former tradespeople were present. America at the start showed what she could do with humble beginnings. A signally honored guest was Mrs. Greene, widow of General Greene, *ci-devant* blacksmith. She never came to dinner, or of a morning to "wait upon" Mrs. Washington, that the President did not assist her to her chariot, handing her in with the honor-bestowing bow that calamity-predicting politicians found fault with: too stately; sure evidence we were going to the demnition bow-wows, and becoming a monarchy.

An invitation from the President or his wife was evidently not, as now, considered a command, politely necessitating the breaking of an interfering engagement. Washington enumerated in his diary on Thursdays the names of his dinner guests. On Thursday, July 1, 1790, he adds:

"The Chief Justice and his lady, General Schuyler, and Mrs. Izard were also invited, but were otherwise engaged."

There were frequent dinner guests besides

those of Thursday. The children had their young friends with them. To dine with his playmate George Washington Parke Custis, the little Buchanan boy (Dr. W. W. Buchanan) was frequently fetched on Saturdays in the President's cream-colored coach, drawn by cream-colored horses with white manes. Chance visitors were hospitably bidden to dinner or to tea, for Washington carried into public life his generous ideas of hospitality, entertaining oftener than has any other President.

On Friday evenings Mrs. Washington held a Drawing Room from seven till nine.* Later, in Philadelphia, the time was a little extended. These, with the dinners—and there were sometimes no ladies at the latter besides Mrs. Washington—were nigh the only opportunity the curious lady folk had to see the President. At seven o'clock on Friday evenings, carrying neither sword nor hat, as being unofficially present, the President took his stand beside Mrs. Washington. The ladies, attended always by gentlemen, came in, curt-

* The Drawing Rooms are varyingly stated to have begun at seven and at eight.

sied low and silently, and sat down. When they ceased to arrive, the President walked about and talked to the interested women. No very young girls came—those only that had formally entered the social world. Evening dress was *de rigueur*. Besides the distinguished Jefferson, Hamilton, and Knox of the cabinet, Madison and other historic personages, Van Berkel glittered on the scene—the Dutch chargé—"gaudy as a peacock." Sitting bolt-upright in a high-back chair, pretty, easeful Lady Temple, wonderfully preserved for her forty-odd years, smiled her slow smile. To catch the soft voice of a dainty woman, who was no doubt boring him, deaf Sir John Temple bent down, a hand to his ear. These, with the not altogether popular French minister and sister, and a few other foreigners, gave a touch of the cosmopolitan, a good condiment when the body of the mixture is sufficiently pure and native.

The chandeliers, their myriad candles burning softly in high transparent globes, hung low. Miss McIvers's fashionable head-dress, monstrous tall, caught fire one evening as she stood beneath the lights. Miss McIvers was

a belle. Major Jackson rushed to the rescue, clapped the burning plumes in his hands, and saved the lady as gallantly as possible. There was no undue rustling of stiff brocades or ruffling of pretty manners. It was then, as now, good form for ladies to be perturbed only by mice and cows.

Tea and coffee and varied refreshments on different tables in the rooms were served by the gayly liveried waiters.

The President's and Mrs. Washington's well-chosen costumes add a grace to the thought of their at-homes. The beauty of Washington's purple satin or drab broadcloth or black velvet knee-breeches and coat, set off with pearl satin waistcoat, fine linen and lace, and shining buckles, brought out by contrast the man's strength of face and form. The fashion of Mrs. Washington's gown, and the peculiar head-dress known, according to Watson's *Annals*, as the "Queen's Nightcap," added height to her appearance, and so to the stately impression made by her gentle dignity.

The President was occupied from four o'clock in the morning—your poet might tell you that he sees the effect in Washing-

"MISS McIVERS'S FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESS CAUGHT FIRE"

ton's character of the solemn, solitary hours of dawn—until nine at night. He walked, rode, or drove every day if the weather allowed. Occasionally went to the theatre—now and then giving a theatre party—and to dancing assemblies, though he no longer danced. He called informally upon a favored few—a custom sometimes discarded by Presidents as creating jealousies. President Arthur accepted dinner invitations and made calls. President McKinley a few months ago visited his friend General Hastings, who, hurt by an accident, was ill at the Emergency Hospital in Washington. As recorded in his diary, President Washington called on Governor Clinton, Mr. Schuyler, Mrs. Dalton, Chancellor Livingston; went afoot to pay a visit to Mrs. King; with Mrs. Washington "waited upon" the French minister and his sister on the eve of their departure to France; "drank tea with the Chief-Justice of the United States"; and he frequently, with Mrs. Washington, visited Vice-President Adams and his fashionable wife, whose spicy letters and diary brighten the pages of history. President Washington ac-

cepted, also, from other than cabinet ministers, a few invitations to dinner, which invitations usually included Mrs. Washington and all the adults of the "family"—aides, secretaries, and tutor. Sundays, after going to church, he spent writing private letters.

In 1789 Christmas fell upon a Friday. This did not prevent the holding of the Drawing Room, held also on a Good-Friday, though "sparcely" attended.

On New-Year's day, in the morning the house was gay with the courtly costumes of gentlemen calling. Writes Washington in his diary:

> The Vice-President, the Governor, the Senators, Members of the House of Representatives in town, foreign public characters, and all the respectable citizens came between the hours of twelve and three o'clock, to pay the compliments of the season to me; and in the afternoon a great number of gentlemen and ladies visited Mrs. Washington on the same occasion.

It was beautiful enough within, but the Washington household suffered the discomforts of living in New York.* The streets,

* *Memorial History, City of New York*, edited by James Grant Wilson.

only one of them (partly) paved, ill lighted, and dirty, were ragged with mixed ugly and good houses. In the whole city there was one source only of drinking-water—a pump in Chatham Street. Water was hawked about in drays. There were no sewers. At a late hour of the evening dark figures filed out of Washington's gate. A swinging flat step and a sinuous movement of the body allowed not a drop to fall from the heavy tubs balanced fearfully on hard African heads. The dusky Graces, on their way to the river, joined long lines of other slaves bearing like burdens — moving statues of "Night" and "Placid Ignorance at Work." They were the "sewerage system."

The President's fine cream-colored coach arrived while he lived in the Franklin house. Capacious, it was ponderous, but beautiful*— the "Four Seasons" painted on its panels, the Washington coat of arms on the doors. Six shining bay horses drew it when he drove to Federal Hall to deliver his first message to Congress; a liveried footman stood behind;

* *Memorial History, City of New York*, edited by James Grant Wilson.

a proud coachman sat on the box; while preceding, on high-stepping white steeds, rode Colonel Humphreys and Major Jackson; Mr. Lear and young Nelson, equally well mounted, galloped in the rear. How fine to have seen them turn a corner! The Quakers were open-mouthed "dissenters," as were very many New-Englanders. The kodak eyes of beholders, omitting no detail in paper transcript, give us opportunity still to admire the vanishing splendor, and to observe that our greatest General and most renowned President, the handsomest picture, had the prettiest framing of them all.

In the Franklin house in October, 1789, Washington wrote, at the request of Congress, the first Thanksgiving proclamation, setting apart a Thursday in November. The people of the United States have always thanked God for the liberties they enjoy, and they thank Washington too.

It was in the Franklin house that the President laid before a cabinet meeting the letter from Louis XVI., written on receiving a copy of the Constitution sent him in the name of the nation. "France shall hereafter be gov-

erned by its principles," wrote the afterwards so unfortunate King, promising what his ancestors had taken from him the opportunity to perform. Washington lived but ten months in the Franklin house—from April 23, 1789, to February 23, 1790. He paid rent for two months longer. A larger house was to be had—that lately occupied by De Moustier.

To make room for improvements, the Franklin house was demolished in 1856. Its site is near that of the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, and is marked by a bronze tablet sunk into the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Washington writes in his diary:

> MONDAY, 22*d* [*February*, 1790].
>
> Set seriously about removing my furniture to my new house. Two of the gentlemen of the family had their beds taken there, and would sleep there to-night.

We wonder if the gentlemen were Messrs. Nelson and Lewis, escaping from the poet.

The second Presidential dwelling in New York, called the Mansion House, was the Macomb residence on Broadway, at No. 39.* Tra-

* There has been some dispute about the location of

dition declares the spot that on which Christiaensen, the adventurous Dutch voyager and fur-trader, built, in about 1615, the rude huts and redoubt that were the first buildings on Manhattan Island. It is said Benedict Arnold, during the Revolution, held one of his traitorous meetings with poor young André in the Macomb house; but this is a mistake, as the house was not erected till 1786. It was built in that year as a residence for himself, along with the adjoining houses, by Alexander Macomb, who was a well-known merchant, and prominent in the political affairs of New York. He was the father of Alexander Macomb, later major-general commanding the army of the United States.

The house, the finest private dwelling in the city, in the most fashionable quarter, was

this house, arising probably from the fact that lower Broadway was not numbered as now till about 1790. But the authorities relied on in the text were correct, as appears from Longworth's Register, which from 1822 to 1831 gives Bunker's Mansion House at No. 39, and from the records of the Title & Guaranty Company of New York, which show that Alexander Macomb acquired the property now 39, in 1786.

a story higher than the Franklin—four stories high—and larger in every way. It was of double brick, the front handsome. The usual brass knocker was on the heavy entrance-door, which opened immediately upon the street but for a short flight of steps. Long glass doors led from a drawing-room to the inviting balcony, and from the rear window the eye delighted in an extended view of the Hudson and the Jersey shore.

The President engaged the house soon after the French minister's departure, waiting a short time to move into it till Otto, the *chargé d'affaires*, found another dwelling. In the mean time Washington ordered a stable to be built at his expense. The minister's furniture was for sale. The President looked at it, and bought some large mirrors in the drawing-room, a combination bookcase and writing-desk and its easy-chair, and other things as being particularly suited, he says, to the rooms in which he found them. He saved Mrs. Washington much fatigue, personally superintending a great part of the moving and the putting up of the furniture, and made notes of it in his diary. His office

was in the mansion on the entrance-floor—a front room looking on Broadway.

As scenes of signal victories in precarious peace, Washington's Presidential homes deserve to be as well preserved as have been the military headquarters where were planned his battles.

It was in the Macomb house that Washington so stoutly insisted on our treaty rights with Great Britain, and it was here that he delivered his sagacious reply to Lord Dorchester's unofficial communication through Major Beckwith. Lord Dorchester attempted to give orally a more promising meaning to a letter of his than it could hold if in evidence, but the Englishman found that the American President was no tyro in diplomacy. He was not to be deceived, and did not pretend to be satisfied with specious glossing, however well he might know that nothing but force could bring the English to right action, and that we were not ready for another fight. It was in the Presidential homes that Washington maintained the dignity of the young nation of which he was the official head, and saw to it that representatives of foreign powers

were permitted no too ready access to the Executive, nor to our domestic transactions. "It being conceived," he writes in his journal, "that etiquette of this sort is essential to all foreigners, to give a respect to the Chief Magistrate and to the dignity of the government." Americans needed this lesson, for they are inclined to be civil and generous, and often fail to look after their dignity in respect to foreigners, who sometimes mistake generosity for pusillanimity and, as Senator Lodge says in his biography of Washington, "civility for servility."

But it was not only foreigners who were taught respect for the Presidential office. In April, 1790, Washington notes in his diary his decision, in which Madison agreed with him, not to consult the Senate on the wisdom of appointments, establishing a precedent. He was careful not to lessen the efficacy of his office even by seemingly harmless concessions. And yet how easily he could unbend when there was no occasion for stiffness.

In the Franklin and in the Macomb residence he invited the owners of the houses to dine, which was no doubt a relief to their

feelings. One likes—a woman especially—to see to just what extent one's tenants are fearfully abusing one's house.

More than once Washington entertained Indians. The Creeks were troublesome in the South. Experience had taught Washington the Indian's love of the trappings of personal honor, a trait in which they equal Europeans. He sent Colonel Marinus Willett semi-officially to Alabama's famous Indian chief, Alexander McGillivray. McGillivray was part Scotch, part French, part Indian, well educated, wiry, intriguing—a power in relations with Spain and with England, as well as with the United States. Willett induced McGillivray to go to New York with twenty-eight of his chiefs and warriors, to the President's "council-house," to form a treaty. Washington instructed Willett to pet and fête them the entire route to New York. It was done. The President gave them an elegant dinner in the Mansion House. Trumbull, artist-lion of the hour, had painted a full-length portrait of the President. Curious to see the effect, Washington led the full-blooded Indians suddenly into view of it. One of them advanced

"SELFISHNESS OF CIVILIZATION AND SAVAGE STARTLING CONTRAST."

and touched the painted figure. "Ugh!" he grunted, with suspicion. He looked behind to see if it were really flat; discovered with disgust that it was. Not one would permit Trumbull to sketch him. The President took an amiable walk down Broadway with the Indians in their savage dress, paint, and feathers; stateliness of civilization and savage stateliness contrasted. The dignity of the unregenerate Indian was real, and yet he was tickled like a child with this opportunity for display. In the two treaties made, one of them secret, the President gained his points, though astute McGillivray made him pay what he thought was full price.

To relieve the strain of his public and official duties, Washington sometimes went fishing. On the occasion of one of these outings the happy captain of the vessel that was to bear the Presidential party let out the secret to a young man named Boardman. Boardman was promptly at the appointed wharf in the rear of the President's garden. He waited patiently. He was at last rewarded by seeing the President come through the back yard with a member of Congress, Gen-

eral Cadwallader, and one or two other friends. The alert young man, eyes and ears open, was close to Washington as he entered the vessel.

"I heard some of his conversation in free and unrestrained intercourse with his companions," wrote Boardman, "but no circumstances could detract from his wonderful dignity of manner and deportment. This close and intimate inspection only added to my previous idea of his character. The tones of his voice were deep and clear, and his smile peculiarly winning and pleasant. He was in a very different costume" from that with which we are familiar. "He wore a round hat with a very large brim, a light mulberry overcoat, with an undress of corresponding color." According to the captain, Washington's luck in fishing was equal to Cleveland's.

"I asked the captain if the President was successful as a fisherman," writes Boardman.

"'Yes,' the captain said; 'all the fish come to his hook.'"

The key of the Bastille was received in the Macomb house and hung in a glass case on its walls. It was sent by Lafayette to Washington

when the hated prison had been torn down by the Paris mob. It gave Tom Paine the chance he loved to turn a neat phrase. Lafayette requested Paine, then in London, to forward the key to Washington. Paine complied. He wrote, "That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted; therefore the key comes to the right place."

It was a beneficence that seemed to Washington a misfortune that, in the first cabinet, the great minds of Hamilton and Jefferson were fired with opposite ideas. Jefferson and Hamilton personified the centrifugal and centripetal forces that hold our nation in its superb middle course between the two evils—anarchy and monarchy. We had not been the free people we are had either of the parties they founded and headed—that desiring greater centralization of power or that upholding States' rights—yielded supinely to the other. Our very existence is maintained by dividing parties and difference of opinion.

One day walked Hamilton to the cabinet meeting at the Mansion House. He was wrought up profoundly. It was during the "Assumption" agitation. He realized what

it meant to our young nation to yield to the dishonor of not paying its debts. It was not yet clear to all whether we were one nation or thirteen. In consequence of the war, certain States had incurred in their own names debts they were unable to pay. It was plain to Hamilton that the nation should assume these debts largely incurred in helping on its existence.

Hamilton came upon Jefferson, also on his way to the cabinet meeting. Steel and flint met, sparks flew. It took but a moment to plunge the two Secretaries into vital talk. It would have been impossible to convince these two men that the advocacy of their opposing views was as naturally indispensable to the welfare of the nation as positive to negative pole. Desiring the States to act as independently as possible, Jefferson opposed "Assumption." They walked up and down in front of the house, excitedly debating for half an hour before they entered.

The New York Assembly was building a Presidential mansion. Hamilton, a New-Yorker, sold New York's chances to remain the capital. He did it to secure "Assumption."

THE OLD McCOMB MANSION

Some of the Southern Senators and Representatives yielded that point in return for the promise to remove the seat of government farther South. It was agreed in the summer of 1790 that it should be transferred to Philadelphia.*

The President had built his stables, and all his household goods had been removed, as it turned out, to abide in the Macomb house but six months.

Washington was not churlish, but he had that preference for being unobserved that develops at times into a longing in a man whose life is spent in public. He quitted the Macomb house on the morning of August 30, 1790. The servants were instructed to steal away at dawn, to have the carriages and luggage over the ferry at Paulus Hook by sunrise. By candle-light, Mrs. Washington, the children, and the secretaries assembled in the morning-room.

The President entered, pleased with his stratagem. He was enjoying in prospect his

* Assumption was finally secured by the agreement to remove the seat of government to what is now the city of Washington.

concealed departure. Immediately under the window suddenly struck up on the still morning air the blaring, vigorous notes of an artillery band. From the highways and byways scurrying people appeared. To witness his first step outside the door a thousand goggling, affectionate eyes watched.

"There!" cried the General, in half-comic despair—I cannot think altogether displeased —"it's all over; we are found out. Well! well! they must have their own way."

It was the "General" they waited to see, not the President. They lined the roadway from house to barge, recording every movement in observant brains. (A distinguished man can never know which of his audience is to be his biographer. It may be one of the "supers" on the stage rolling off the carpets.) The thunder of artillery could not drown the living shout that rose from the throats of the people as Washington was borne off with the rise and fall of the oars gleaming in the cheerful sun. His voice trembled as he bade the assembled crowd farewell. Though chary of appealing to it, the love of the people never failed to move him deeply.

Deserted of its hospitable inmates, its harried statesmen, and the flurry of publicity, the Macomb house, though more quietly, retained prosperity for a time. The echo of its glory lingered in the name when it reached the boarding-house stage. It was known for many years as "Bunker's Mansion House," a fashionable hotel frequented by Southerners when splendor was still Southern. It was "improved" out of existence.

Part III

IN PHILADELPHIA AND GERMANTOWN

CONGRESS was to meet in Philadelphia on what has since been the accustomed date—the first Monday in December. The interim between the breaking up of housekeeping in New York and the house-warming in Philadelphia the Washingtons spent at Mount Vernon. On the way they stopped in Philadelphia, putting up at the City Tavern.

They had had an adventurous drive in their comfortable coach-and-six over the wretched roads. Dunn the coachman was drunk or incapable, and had nearly turned them over. John Fagan, a clear-headed Irishman, burly, yet clever with his fingers, took the reins, and left Dunn to manage the baggage-wagon, which he upset twice.

Mr. Lear, secretary, tutor, and right-hand man, was left in New York to superintend the moving from the Macomb house. He sent the servants and furniture partly by coach

road and partly by sea to Philadelphia. Mr. Lear's "salery" was two hundred dollars a year; his treatment in the family that of a man with his barony.

During his brief stay in Philadelphia, while *en route* to Mount Vernon, the President wrote to Mr. Lear:

September 2d, 1790.

The house of Mr. Robert Morris had, previous to my arrival, been taken by the corporation for my residence. It was the best they could get. It is, I believe, the best single house in the city. Yet without additions it is inadequate to the commodious accommodation of my family. These additions I believe will be made. . . . The intention of the addition . . . is to provide a servants' hall, and one or two lodging-rooms for the servants. There are good stables, but for twelve horses only, and a coach-house which will hold all my carriages.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania was erecting a Presidential mansion. Washington saw it while building. On account of its great size he refused to occupy and furnish it when it should be finished. It was used as the University of Pennsylvania.

The residence chosen by the City Corporation for the President was that of his intimate, Robert Morris, the open-handed, open-hearted,

THE MORRIS HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

wondrous financier of the Revolution, now Senator, and prime agent in locating the capital at Philadelphia. Mrs. Morris moved into another of their houses, next door, to let the Washingtons have her home.

The property had been owned by Governor Richard Penn. Morris bought it in 1785, and rebuilt the house, which had been partly or totally destroyed by fire in 1780. The original house had been, during the Revolution, the headquarters of General Howe when the British held Philadelphia. Benedict Arnold occupied it when left by Washington in command of the Continental troops in that city in 1778, and while here committed the peculations and malfeasance that enabled him to live in the magnificent style recorded. The road in front became High Street, and the spreading grove was transformed into blocks of houses and gardens, when President Washington came to brighten its history.

Doing everything that promised to keep the seat of government in Philadelphia, the City Corporation insisted on paying the rent of the President's house. The President insisted on not allowing it. Information was

withheld as to the rent price of the Morris house. The President was annoyed. He writes from Mount Vernon to Mr. Lear, in Philadelphia:

> I am, I must confess, exceedingly unwilling to go into any house without first knowing on what terms I do it; and wish that this sentiment could be again hinted in delicate terms to the parties concerned with me. I cannot, if there are no latent motives which govern in this case, see any difficulty in the business.

His determination was unmistakable. The rent was fixed at three thousand dollars a year, and Washington paid it.

The house, No. 190, one door from the southeast corner of Sixth Street, was, including the garret, four floors in height—smaller than the Macomb mansion, larger than the Franklin. It was red brick, with three gray stone steps leading from the front door to the basement. A walled garden, bright in summer with fruit and flowers, gave a green setting on the sides and rear. According to Twining, a fair-minded British traveller of East-Indian fame, there was a hair-dresser next door. Watson says there were no

shops in the neighborhood but Sheaff's wine-store.

From the President's letter to Mr. Lear, who superintended the fitting up of the mansion, we learn the arrangement of the interior. Washington apportioned the rooms immediately after inspection in September. The two dining-rooms were on the first floor—in the rear the state dining-room, which was about thirty feet long, including the new bow-window that Washington planned to project into the pleasant garden. He directed that the back yard be kept as clean as a drawing-room, since the view into it was uninterrupted from the state dining-room, where he was to hold his levees, and from Mrs. Washington's "best" drawing-room above. The steward and his wife lodged on the entrance floor, the closets in their room serving as pantries, as there were no closets in the dining-rooms. To Mrs. Washington, the children and their maids, the second floor was given over, the maids requiring also a room in the back building, with partition to divide it into two. On the second floor, in addition to the bedrooms, were Mrs. Washington's dressing-room,

private study, and her two drawing-rooms, which reached from front to rear of the house. One had to climb two pairs of stairs to reach the President's office; the other rooms on the third floor Mr. and Mrs. Lear and the secretaries occupied.

Mr. Lear had in April, before they left New York, brought to the Washington household a bride—a dear little woman whom he had known from childhood—Mary Long, a rose of New Hampshire.

Servants filled the four rooms of the garret, the smoke-house, the room over the work-house, and the lodging-rooms in the new servants' hall. There was no lack of attendance.

A change or two among the secretaries. Young Mr. Dandridge, Mrs. Washington's nephew, was a new-comer. In the selection of members of the President's immediate "family," whose salaries were paid out of his own much-opened purse, the ties of relationship and friendship were regarded. In appointment to public office, Washington was deaf to personal reasons.

In the autumn, when the tardy additions to the house were complete, Mr. Lear—we sup-

pose also Mrs. Lear—and Mrs. Morris put their ideas together tastefully and comfortably to arrange the interior before the coming of the family. The President wrote some minute advice:

> Mrs. Morris has a mangle (I think it is called) for ironing clothes, which, as it is fixed in the place where it is commonly used, she proposes to leave and take mine. To this I have no objection, provided mine is equally good and convenient; but if I should obtain any advantages, besides that of its being up and ready for use, I am not inclined to receive it. . . . I approve, at least till inconvenience or danger shall appear, of the large table ornaments remaining on the sideboards, and of the pagodas remaining in the smallest drawing-rooms. . . . Whether the green, which you have, or a new yellow curtain, should be appropriated to the staircase above the hall, may depend on your getting an exact match, in color and so forth, for the latter.

Mrs. Morris left two large mirrors in the best rooms, taking instead, with his consent, two of the President's several; not, however, those purchased of the French minister. Her large lamp in the hall was exchanged for one or two of the President's glass lamps.

The crystal chandelier, so beautiful at night with its twinkling wax candles, was brought

on from New York and hung in Mrs. Washington's rear "best" drawing-room. The furniture, it would seem, was of mahogany chiefly. In the fireplaces, generous and open, log fires crackled merrily across polished andirons that seemed half conscious of their fine effect, with satellite shovel and tongs, and delicate, glittering fender. In the smaller drawing-room in front a sofa was drawn up invitingly to one side of the fire. Twining, the British traveller, conducted to this room, and left for a moment to observe before the President and Mrs. Washington came in, says that though well furnished, it had no pictures on the walls nor ornaments on the chimney-piece. Odd. In other rooms there were pictures and ornaments, and over the mantel in this, probably a mirror. Genet, the Revolutionist French minister, who thought that he had but to indicate in just what way he wished the United States to act to have it act at once, went away from the President's house complaining of his merited though polite rebuff, and of the picture of Louis XVI. that he saw on the dining-room wall. An English secretary of legation notes the key of the

Bastille hanging opposite King Louis's picture: wonderful impartiality, the secretary no doubt thought. Pretty crystal-hung candelabra stood on gilt brackets on the walls of the house, and these with other ornaments in use there are now at Mount Vernon. The pictures sent by sea from Mount Vernon to the executive mansion in New York were also in the Morris house. When the Washingtons arrived in November they drove up to a comfortable home, but Mrs. Washington was not in readiness to receive until Christmas day, when she held her first, a brilliant Drawing Room. No woman can arrange a house altogether to suit another.

We first hear distinctly in Philadelphia of that important personage "Uncle Harkless," the chief cook. He was of unusual size and strength; but Hercules, even if he had been a good American divinity, would have never known that here was an ebony namesake, unless he had been able to bear in mind that the English tendency still prevailed to pronounce *er* as *ar*—just as now we sometimes hear "clerk" called "clark." Uncle Harkless was scarcely an underling, though the new

steward, Hyde, and his wife, were white and superintended. As sometimes happens among negroes, Harkless was a stickler for nicety. One could smell the cleanness in the kitchen. When preparing the state dinner, on Thursday, he wore, one after the other, as many as half a dozen clean aprons, and used unnumbered napkins. A fearful dandy—or, as they called it in those days, a dainty "macaroni"—when the steward placed the dishes on the table, Uncle Harkless left it to the menials to serve, and retired, to reappear in a fetching costume: black smallclothes, a blue cloth coat with velvet collar and shining metal buttons, silk stockings, a cocked hat, a dangling watch-chain, and enormous silver buckles to advertise his enormous feet. Flourishing a gold-headed cane, he went out at the front door, where "German John," the porter, made him a low bow, returned in kind. His promenade down Market Street aroused the vain envy of lesser Ethiopians not connected with "the government, sir."

John was also a person not to be lightly thought of. He was a Hessian—John Kruse. He succeeded the Irish Fagan, temporary

coachman. John's was a figure to inspire awe in the horseless plebeians when he rode the difficult white horse Jackson to accompany the President on his Saturday rides. John would have been indignant had he known that somebody was getting it into history that Jackson at times came out first best. Jackson was christened in sport, because he bolted with Major Jackson in a cavalcade of state, and ran away with him in a manner not laid down on the programme. When German John drove the Presidential coach, his laced cocked hat square to the front, thrown back on his cue, his big nose scornfully tilted, it must have been a pleasure to children to stand aside with fingers in their mouths. Though continually smoking a meerschaum in the stables, John Kruse was not lazy in off hours. If they, the white horses, were to be used the next day, he covered them at night with a whiting paste, wrapped them in body-cloths, renewed the straw in their stalls, and in the morning rubbed and curried and brushed till their shapely flanks outshone satin.

The stables, in a lane not far from the

house, were a show-place in Philadelphia. Some of the fine horses were bred at Mount Vernon. The horses were worth seeing as they stood in their stalls, twelve in a row, contentedly feeding, stamping the cool, quivering floor, making the air warm with vigorous breath, turning wise eyes to look at curious strangers. It is believed they did not have long tails. They were bobbed, I think. Nelson, the old white horse ridden by Washington at Yorktown, left now at Mount Vernon, was the first nicked horse ridden in America.

James Hurley, Irish, a groom, probably rode a leader of the six-in-hand on the postilion saddle, whose cloth was ordered by Washington to be "like the hammer-cloth, that all may be of a piece." Giles, Paris, and Cyrus were negro grooms. Paris was so lazy that he was left at Mount Vernon on the visit after leaving New York. And he was probably born lazy—poor Paris! Fidus was a footman. Paris, Fidus, Cyrus, Hercules! America indulged in the classics when she was young.

The negro, as is often told, in the days of

slavery had contempt for "po' white trash," by which term he referred to a Caucasian that was neither a slaveholder nor, in his opinion, a "gentleman"; he invariably attempted insubordination to white housekeepers and upper servants. Hyde and his wife had trouble in governing the negro servants, especially in the atmosphere of Pennsylvania, where gradual emancipation was in progress.

The President thought Hyde inclined to extravagance, and in that regard was less pleased with him than he had been with Fraunces, who, of his own accord, had probably gone back to his tavern-keeping in New York as more remunerative. Hyde's wages were two hundred dollars a year—as much as Secretary Lear's "salery." His wife received one hundred dollars—eight dollars and thirty cents a month. The President inspected the domestic accounts weekly. Though the household was run on a wide scale, he exacted economy in detail, and Hyde well understood that expenditures must be "reasonable."

The President was ready, even at personal sacrifice, to enforce his own orders.

The steward set before him one day a

dish of fish, appetizingly hot, daintily dressed. Washington especially liked fish.

"What fish is this?" asked he.

"A shad, sir, a very fine shad," answered the steward, congratulating himself with a quick, glowing smile.

"What was the price, sir?"

"Three-three-three dollars," stuttered the steward, his smile dashed.

There was lightning in the President's searching gray-blue eye.

"Take it away, sir! take it away!" he said, sternly. "It shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance."

The crestfallen steward took it away; it was eaten in the servants' hall.

In the Morris house, in April, 1793, Washington, although grateful to France and desirous to help her, signed the proclamation of neutrality as between this warring former ally and our late enemy, England. This he well knew was against public sentiment and disappointing to the generous wish of Americans. Friend opposed and foe approved, but he maintained his course with a firmness that of

THE GERMANTOWN HOUSE

itself entitles Washington's name to be mentioned with reverence as long as this republic shall survive. Infant America, as yet unable to help, did not sacrifice its existence to France, thanks to him.

A few months later, in the heat of summer, yellow-fever scourged Philadelphia and hushed the gayety that had marked the presence of government officials. To escape the pestilence the President moved to Germantown, a few miles distant. The departments and State government followed.

For about two months Washington resided in the furnished house of Colonel Isaac Franks, a Revolutionary officer. Built in 1772–73 by David Deshler, a merchant from Heidelberg, Germany, it still stands, owned now and occupied by Mr. Elliston Perot-Morris. Sir William Howe, during the Revolution, spent a summer here, and with him the uncle of Queen Victoria, then Duke of Clarence, later William IV. With a front of about forty feet, it is of stone, two stories in height, an attic with dormer-windows above. On the first floor great solid wooden blinds barred, when closed, the many-paned windows. A heavy wrought-iron

latch a foot and a half long dropped into a stout hasp on the quaint old door. Sweet dappled shadows played under an arbor of green grape-vines running far down the garden, which surrounded the house on three sides. Crisp, trim hedges of box and shading trees hid the back buildings that gave commodiousness unsuspected from the front.

Charles Wister, a schoolboy at the Germantown Academy with George Washington Parke Custis, had his anecdote of Washington in Germantown.

The President rode up in front of the academy. "Where is Washington Parke Custis?" asked he.

Wister answered.

That is the anecdote.

In the tea-room in the Perot-Morris house, looking on the garden, is still a cupboard that was there in 1793, and cup and saucer and plate of old India-blue china used by the Washingtons "on the evening of Jesse Waln's visit." Jesse was a small boy (once) who played with George Washington Parke Custis in the garden, when the President appeared and said,

WASHINGTON IN ANTW

"Come to tea, and bring your young friend with you"—forming an anecdote for Jesse.

Before turning the house over to the President, Colonel Franks made an inventory of the contents. He handed in, in November, a heavy bill. Along with the rent, it included the amount of his own travelling expenses to and from Bethlehem—to which place he went on giving up the house—a sum to be paid for the loss of a flat-iron, four plates, three ducks, a bushel of potatoes, and a hundred-weight of hay, as well as an outlay for preparatory house-cleaning—reaching all together the sum of $131.36.

It was thought that Congress was without authority to meet elsewhere, and so before the first Monday in December, contagion still being possible, though not probable, the President was again in Philadelphia.

That Washington was essentially a man of warring emotions, whose passions often struggled for control, Houdon, Gilbert Stuart, and Sharpless tell us, as do all other sculptors and painters who study his character as written in his face. But in these inward battles his masterful will was strong, and was two or three

times only known publicly to be routed. Mrs. Washington's front drawing-room in the Philadelphia executive mansion was the scene of an ungoverned outburst of passion. News was brought that General St. Clair, sent against the Indians in the West, had allowed the American army to fall victim to the identical stratagem—an ambush—against which Washington had earnestly, insistently, repeatedly, forewarned him, as first and as parting word. Poor Mr. Lear, only witness to the violent outbreak, was terrified into silence, as Washington, alternately pacing the floor and seating himself on the sofa, gave vent to a torrent of abuse and frightful accusation of St. Clair.

After a time Washington recollected and collected himself, ashamed.

"This must not go beyond this room," he said.

It is hard to keep a great man's secrets.

Nelly Custis, entering her teens, grew into a beauty, saucy, tender-hearted, and fearless. She pleased the President. She told a mimicking tale well, catching the ludicrous, delighting him into laughter. He enjoyed a good

MISS CUSTIS AND HER HARPSICHORD

joke, she said. He presented her a harpsichord—the quaint little instrument now at Mount Vernon—imported for her, and costing a thousand dollars. Compelled to artistic effort by her grandmother, poor Nelly mixed tears and practice upon it four hours a day.

Washington was inclined to absent-mindedness. Said Nelly:

"I have often seen my grandmother, when she had something to communicate or a request to make, seize him by the button-hole to command his attention, when he would look down upon her with the most benignant smile, and become at once attentive to her and her wishes, which were never slighted."

On a January day in 1795, Hamilton walked, as he often did, to the President's house. He entered the room where sat Major Jackson and other gentlemen of the President's "family."

"Congratulate me, my good friends," said he, smiling. "I am no longer a public man. The President has at last decided to accept my resignation. I am once more a private citizen."

"I can see no cause for rejoicing," replied

a listener, "that the government and the country are deprived of your valuable services."

"I am not worth exceeding five hundred dollars in the world," Hamilton rejoined. (It was as costly in that day as in this to serve one's country.) "My slender fortune and the best years of my life have been devoted to the service of my adopted country. A rising family hath its claims."

He picked up a small book lying on the table.

"Ah! this is the Constitution. Now mark my words: So long as we are a young and virtuous people, this instrument will bind us together in mutual interest, mutual welfare, and mutual happiness; but when we become old and corrupt, it will bind us no longer."

In the Morris house, on August 12, 1795, Washington signed the Jay treaty with England, losing thereby most of his remnant of support in the House of Representatives. Abuse culminated in the serious suggestion to impeach him. The Constitution having, for obvious reasons, confined the treaty-making power to the Executive and the Senate, Washington refused to grant the request of

HAMILTON ANNOUNCING HIS FREEDOM FROM PUBLIC LIFE

the House of Representatives for the correspondence leading up to the treaty. The storm of indignation that followed did not spare even his personal character. "A Calm Observer" stated in a newspaper that Washington had stolen $4750.

"With the real public," which, as each Presidential campaign might teach us, is not the politicians and declaimers who make so much noise that they do not hear the silence, but the characteristic Americans that silently decide—"with the real public," writes Marshall, "the confidence felt in the integrity of the Chief Magistrate remained unshaken."

They were not particularly happy days—the last days in the Morris house—for another reason. In this period of turbulent peace Washington was deeply disquieted by the misfortunes of Lafayette, repudiated for years by the country—his own—for whose sake he had staked fortune and life. The President did, in vain, all in his power to release his friend from the revolting Austrian prison at Olmütz, and pecuniarily and otherwise aided Lafayette's family. When the wife and daughter voluntarily became fellow-prisoners with the

Marquis, young Washington Lafayette was sent to America under the assumed name of Motier, one of his father's family names. He informed the President at once of his landing at Boston. Washington wrote him an affectionate welcome, but, as President, was not at liberty openly to befriend and to take him to his house. Washington Lafayette boarded for a time, at Washington's expense, with ex-Secretary Hamilton's family in New York. Later, Congress became informed of the youth's presence in the country, and formally desired him to come to Philadelphia. Asking Washington's advice first, Lafayette came, residing not in the President's home, but near.

Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, and Montpensier and Beaujolais, his brothers, and the noble—in the American, the right goodly sense, noble—Duc de Liancourt, walked the streets of Philadelphia, followed by sympathetic and admiring eyes. A welcome awaited them in many houses, but not in that of the President, who did not endanger the peace of the United States by entertaining those pronounced by the existing government of France its enemies. Talleyrand wasted for a

time his snakelike diplomacy in Philadelphia, while fleeing one phase of the madness of France, during the throes of the Revolution.

On the 22d of February—Washington's birthday—and on the Fourth of July, if in session, Congress adjourned to enable its members to pay their respects to him. He held levees on those days at his house, but before the close of his second term the enmity his firmness and independence had aroused worked to do away with the custom. But the President's serenity was never disturbed, and he never for one moment forgot his duty to home or to foreign officials. At a house-party at Mount Vernon in the last summer of his Presidency there were four envoys—the French, the British, the Spanish, and the Portuguese.

Social distinctions were strong in Philadelphia. There were two "assemblies," one composed of the fashion of the city, the other not so exclusive. It is told of Washington in Watson's *Annals* that he was invited to the two assemblies on the same evening. He went to the less exclusive and danced with a me-

chanic's daughter. It is said elsewhere that he never danced after the Revolution.

In September, 1796, declining a re-election, Washington published to the people of the United States his Farewell Address—an epitome of his characteristic and prescient views. There is not in the writings of Hamilton or of Madison or of Jefferson a sentence breathing just the beneficent, prayerful spirit of the Farewell Address of Washington.*

On the 3d of March, 1797, the day before retiring from office, he gave a dinner to the President-elect and Mrs. Adams, establishing the custom that has since prevailed, that the outgoing shall entertain the incoming President, a courteous usage that has more than once seated bosom enemies together at a dreary feast. At Washington's hospitable table were also the foreign Ministers and their wives, and Robert Morris, Bishop White, and others. President Washington chaffed President-elect Adams on "entering servitude," and

* See *History of Philadelphia*, by J. Thomas Scharf and Thomas Wescott, p. 484, for Claypoole's evidence in regard to the charge that Hamilton wrote the Farewell Address.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL DINNER—HIS TOAST TO THE FEDERAL UNION, 1783

in an especially good humor raised his glass and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with all sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness."

The effect was not enlivening. Social regret at the departure of the Washingtons was sincere. Mrs. Liston, wife of the British Minister, shed tears.

The Washingtons joyfully made young Lafayette and his tutor members of the family, when the Presidential term was over. On the 12th of March they left the Morris house finally.

The divine right to be up is easily convincing. The divine ability to stay up, grim fate has at times denied to kings. Robert Morris, potent financier of a Revolution, Senator, and a dispenser of charming hospitality, spent the greater part of his sad last days in a debtors' prison. Penniless, and without even a cell of his own, he was transferred day or night from one to another at the jail-warden's convenience. The home once rented to his friend the President went into other hands, and

through vicissitudes too. It was used in time, one half as boarding-house, the other as confectionery. What is left of it, changed beyond recognition, is a shop, or parts of three shops, of which the centre is No. 528 Market Street, a jewelry-store. On its front, between the windows of the second floor, the Sons of the Revolution, a short time ago, placed a commemorative tablet.

Part IV

FINAL DAYS AT MOUNT VERNON

WASHINGTON went at once from Philadelphia to Mount Vernon. He had longed ineffably for the quiet of his beautiful home on the Potomac, but he had only two years and nine months to live when he left the Presidency.

The love of the few that are near more than makes up for lack of the praise of the many afar; but Washington, in his last days, had both love at home and praise abroad, heaped up and running over. He dearly loved the old faces, for in them he saw none of the curiosity that always tinged the adulation of the new-comer; and a few old friends, a few old servants, superannuated pensioners, were still about him.

His old white horse, the Revolutionary veteran "Nelson," ran neighing to a call and caress when Washington passed him feeding stiffly in the paddock. Horse, master, friends, and servants were affectionately to grow older

together. Still within doors was the lovely thrifty wife, busy as a clock, her white hair marking the flight of time. Like the sure dial on the west lawn, the hand, her soul, still pointed upward, no matter where the shadows might range. Billy was now dilettante shoemaker; Christopher, a younger man, his master's valet, faithful and trusted, making Billy, the former incumbent, perhaps think for a moment that none of us is really needed in this world. That is where Billy could have made a mistake. Father Jack, the ancient fisherman, did not come into the home-life at Mount Vernon in the days when his step was as "peert" as any, in the honeymoon of his mistress. But youth has no more than its own advantage. More interesting now, Father Jack's tongue loosened when his legs grew stiff and the color forsook his kinky hair. If a boy could endure to sit with him in his boat, riding upon the Potomac beneath a beating sun that sweetly warmed the old African's back, Father Jack might tell him hair-raising tales of the king, his father, an Ethiopian monarch — that is, if the ancient fisherman could keep awake. The old fellow

WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE AT MOUNT VERNON

fished and dozed, and often waked to deny most indignantly that he had been asleep. When it was time to bring in the fish for dinner, the cook hoisted on shore a signal. To catch either Father Jack's eye when awake, or his one perfectly sound ear, frantic waving and shrieks sometimes failed. Father Jack was more than a hundred.

What is this moving upon the waters as if to attack Mount Vernon?

A vessel, not very big.

It heaves to. The gun, not very big, is ready! fired!

A boat is lowered, is manned (one man). It puts ashore.

"A fish, sir, for the General, with the compliments of Captain Benjamin Grymes, of the Life Guards, sir."

Old Benjamin Grymes, a faithful heart, lived not far down the Potomac, and gloried in repeating this performance.

Tom Davis shortened the lives of the canvas-back ducks on the Potomac near by. He was as faithful to the game course for the General's dinner as Father Jack or Captain Grymes to the fish.

"The country people about Mount Vernon loved Washington as a neighbor and a friend, and not as the distant great man of the army and the Presidency."

The deer-park fence rotted. The deer ran wild over the estate, but the General allowed no poaching. He caught a fellow making off in a boat with a freshly killed deer, and waded into the water and seized him, not tenderly.

Louis Philippe and his two brothers and the Duc de Liancourt, welcome now to Washington's house, gazed with swelling hearts upon the scene at Mount Vernon, peace everywhere but at times in the glorious sky.

Washington mourned with them the sorry fate of many French friends, former officers in the American Revolution; among them De Warville—once, too, a visitor at Mount Vernon—guillotined because, though ardent republican, he opposed the cowardly murder of the King.

Said the Duc de Liancourt:

"In the days of my power, under the ancient régime of France, I had fifty servants to wait upon me, but yet my coat was never as well brushed as now that I do it myself."

WASHINGTON AS HIS OWN GAME-WARDEN

Visitors, heralded and unheralded, continued to come, though the house was "in a litter and dirt" from necessary repairs, and Mrs. Washington had a swelling in her face. The demands upon the host were too many for an elderly man. The General sent to fetch his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, to help entertain. This was not the nephew, Robert Lewis, who had been secretary during the Presidency.

Lawrence fell in love with Nelly Custis. What bachelor would not? She was religion, culture, daring, fun, turned by femininity to charm.

France grossly insulted United States envoys, and the envoys waited to be insulted again before they came home. After making sure that they were well enough cuffed, the United States prepared for war, vigorously and unmistakably; appointed Washington commander-in-chief. Principally from his home on the Potomac, by an active correspondence, Washington organized the army. France, partly by victories our ships had won at sea, and partly by our military preparation at home, was scared into politeness. She re-

ceived our ambassador, and the "quasi war" ended. The trophies left at Mount Vernon were a gorgeously embroidered uniform for Washington, and the full, fluffy white plumes General Pinckney presented for his chapeau.

A direct history of Washington lies in the letters extant that he wrote on his farm. He replied unfailingly to correspondents, either personally or through a secretary. His literary style became masterful; at times turgid, involved, in stating fact; in setting forth opinion or plan of action his words were as clear as the Thames in its upper reaches, or as a mountain cascade in Georgia when it has been long since the rain fell. At intervals, to his latest day, he misspelled in this fashion: "of" for "off," "expence," "excepting" for "accepting," "sparce." He became careful and usually correct in punctuation. Not only in his letters, but in his diary, he wrote of his wife as "Mrs. Washington." He rarely referred without prefix to any man not a servant. He once wrote of the steward as "Mr." Hyde. He liked to see "a tub stand on its own bottom," and did nothing to upset it.

It is from Washington's dryness of fact con-

WASHINGTON RECEIVING HIS OLD FRIENDS AT MOUNT VERNON

cerning himself that comes much of the dryness of his history as often written. He is unconscious of and never notes down any trait indicating greatness in himself.

He was not above a pun. Colonel Lear was in Washington. He was suffering from rheumatism in his feet. The General wrote to Lear's doctor, "It would be well for him [Lear] to remain in the Federal city as long as he could derive benefit to his understanding from your friendly prescriptions."

In his letters to Dr. Craik, the Fairfaxes, Lafayette, Chastellux, Greene, Light Horse Harry Lee, Robert Morris, Knox, Washington expressed his affection in generous, outspoken terms. To Nelly Custis, absent at her first ball, he wrote, when her heart was free, "Be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool."

Of Nelly Custis, Latrobe, the Frenchman, wrote, "She has more perfection of form, of expression, of color, of softness, and of firmness of mind than I have ever seen before." She had many suitors. The love-lorn Lawrence Lewis won her hand. The General approved. Lawrence, tall, firm-eyed, was his

favorite among all his nephews. The wedding was on Washington's birthday, in 1799. Nelly, with a woman's eye to the splendid, wanted Washington to wear on the absorbing occasion his new uniform as commander-in-chief of the provisional army. He would not, but wore the old Continental uniform, buff and blue, wearing which he had planned and fought so many battles. He was fond of the buff and blue.

He rode about his farms in the hot summer, surveying, carrying his compass himself; his dress suitably plain drab, a great round hat on his head, an umbrella fixed in the saddle. He was quietly collecting and digesting items for his will and for the minute directions he was writing to his agent for the conduct of the estate for several years to come. If belated, he galloped home at a round pace in time for the getting-ready-for-dinner bell.

His health, it seemed, was vigorous.

In the autumn he was riding with George Washington Parke Custis. They dismounted. Remounting, the General's horse threw him. He seemed not to regret the hurt, which was not serious, but merely the fact of falling.

WASHINGTON AS HIS OWN SURVEYOR

As soon as he got up he began to explain why he fell:

"I am not hurt," said he. "I have had a very complete tumble, owing to a cause no horseman could well avoid. I was poised in the stirrup and had not gained the saddle, when the scary animal sprang from under me."

He had no fancy to play King Lear, testing his judgment of false and true. Lawrence and Nelly wished to build a house of their own. They made inquiries concerning lands. Washington had provided in his will to leave them an adjoining farm, and for their convenience told them of it, offering to rent them the farm to build on.

"You may conceive," he said, in a letter to Lawrence, "that building before you have an absolute title to the land is hazardous. To obviate this, I shall only remark that it is not likely any occurrence will happen or any change take place that would alter my present intention (if the conduct of yourself and wife is such as to merit a continuance of it); but be this as it may, that you may proceed on sure ground with respect to the buildings, I will agree, and this letter shall be an evidence

of it, that if hereafter I should find cause to make any other disposition of the property here mentioned, I will pay the actual cost of said buildings to you or yours.

"Although I have not the most distant idea that any event will happen that could affect a change in my determination, nor any suspicion that you or Nelly could conduct yourselves in such a manner as to incur my serious displeasure, yet, at the same time, that I am inclined to do justice to others, it behooves me to take care of myself, by keeping the staff in my own hands."

In December a cold brought on a throat trouble, easily remedied now by tracheotomy. The doctors' principal method of hastening death in that day was to let blood. They bled him.

He was rapidly past hope.

As he lay dying he felt his pulse; his mind still at work when his body was nearly conquered.

While the ghastly death-shadows deepened in his face, Mrs. Washington, at his bedside, silently prayed, the Bible on her knee. She went by a mental path of agony far into the

Dark Valley with him that had been the house-band indeed.

Her grief was quiet. When his great frame, only two days before in perfect health, lay stretched in repose from which it would never rise, she said:

"It is well I have no more troubles to go through. I shall soon follow him."

It was on Saturday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, the 14th of December, 1799.

The coffin—the grewsome thing that collects to the mind all the horrors of death—was brought the next morning from Alexandria. It was of mahogany lined with lead.

His body lay unburied till Wednesday between three and four in the afternoon. He had requested not to be laid in the vault within less than three days after death.

It was in another respect as he had wished. None were present but lovers, friends and neighbors. But of these there were so many that his body was removed from the banquet-hall to the river piazza, that they might better see in farewell his noble face.

The stately pillars were so tall that the loving sky looked once more upon him.

The mourning procession wound about the grounds of Mount Vernon to lay him to rest in the old tomb on the hill-side. Cyrus and Wilson, two black grooms in blacker weeds, led his riderless horse. Before them the troops of Alexandria, horse and foot, moved in funeral step, while music breathed solemn hope through the leafless trees. Four clergymen in white followed. Next the unridden horse eight sorrowing men, officers and masons, bore with heart-felt reverence the lifeless rider prone at a tall man's length. The household, friends, a body of masons, and servants followed in silence, broken by sounds of weeping. Minute-guns were fired from a vessel in the river.

None of Washington's relatives were present; his death was so unexpected, the means of communication so slow. Mrs. Washington did not see his body laid in the grave; she remained in the house. George Washington Parke Custis was absent. Nelly Custis Lewis lay ill in an upper chamber.

Washington's will is a remarkable paper, circumstantially clear and legal, written without legal assistance, his name signed at the

WASHINGTON'S LAST FAREWELL

bottom of each page. Its minuteness made peace after death. There was small chance of dispute over the distribution of his large property, though divided among a great number of persons and two institutions.

Under his management, his hands almost constantly full of affairs of state, the Mount Vernon property from 2500 acres had increased to 9000, on which in one year he had grown 7000 bushels of wheat and 10,000 of Indian corn, besides a large quantity of other produce. In the summer of 1799 he had there 36 horses, 57 mules, 15 asses, 329 horned cattle, and an unnumbered stock of hogs—live-stock in value to the amount of $35,000. In addition to the Mount Vernon estate, he held at his death titles to more than forty-four tracts of land, variously situated in Virginia, Ohio, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Northwest Territory, Kentucky, the District of Columbia, and the Dismal Swamp. He was one of the greatest landholders on the North American continent. He has been called land poor. At times he was straitened for ready money.

In reading his will one thinks no expectant

relative, relative-in-law, friend, or servant could have been disappointed, though that is, after all, scarcely probable.

To my dearly beloved wife, Martha Washington, I give and bequeath the use, profit and benefit of my whole Estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specially disposed of hereafter.

Of those specially disposed of, Nelly and Lawrence received the estate conditionally promised; they had behaved themselves. To George Washington Parke Custis was bequeathed a lot in the city of Washington, also the superb Arlington property overlooking the Potomac, where later lived the devisee's daughter, married to Robert E. Lee, and where, later still, were buried 16,000 bodies of Americans slain in a brothers' quarrel.

The General left endowment for the Washington and Lee University, and for a national university to be founded in the city of Washington, an institution that he believed would be of great political advantage to the nation. The latter bequest he prefaced so:

It has always been a source of serious regret with me to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own, contracting too frequently not only habits of dissipation and extravagence, but principles unfriendly to Republican Governm't and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome. For these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale which would have a tendency to spend systamatic ideas through all parts of this rising Empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit, from our national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is, (in my estimation) my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure than the establishment of a University in a central part of the United States to which the youth of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education in all the branches of polite literature in arts and sciences—in acquiring knowledge in the principles of Politics and good government and (as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment) by associating with each other and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned and which when carried to excess are never failing sources of disquietude to the Public mind and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country.

With protective prevision for the old and infirm, Washington bequeathed the slaves he held in his own right, one hundred and twenty-four in number, their freedom at the death of Mrs. Washington—not liberating them at once because of their inter-marriage with hers. He probably knew of her intention to free her slaves by will, but he left her to do as she would with her own. None of the property mentioned in his will came to him by marriage.

Now for Billy.

> And to my mulatto man, William (calling himself William Lee), I give immediate freedom or if he should prefer it (on account of the accidents which have befallen him, and which have rendered him incapable of walking or any active employment) to remain in the situation he now is, it shall be optional in him to do so.

In either case an annuity of thirty dollars was given him.

Sarah, dead Bishop's daughter, received a hundred dollars.

Mrs. Washington never again slept in the chamber in which the General died. She stayed instead in a little attic room, uncomfortable and stuffy, whose low, sloping ceiling

"THE MOST CHEERLESS ROOM WAS THE ONLY ONE FROM WHICH SHE COULD SEE HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE"

seemed offering to fall on one's head. It had but a single dormer window to let in a bit of light, and a faint breath to cool the heated roof air in summer. It was cold in winter; had neither stove nor fireplace. The tiny window looked out upon the General's grave. It was the custom in Virginia, by way of respect, to close for two years the room in which a member of the family had recently died. It has been lately said that it was for this reason Mrs. Washington selected the attic room. A *non sequitur*. There were ten other bedrooms to which she might have gone; this, the most cheerless, was the one only from which she could see her husband's grave. The morbid choice was actuated by heart-sickness that religion could not control.

Mount Vernon is unhealthy. Chilling mists creep up from the river in the late evening, laden with sufficient miasma to explain the constant store of quinine the General kept on hand for slaves and family. Mrs. Washington died of a bilious fever in the little attic room in May, 1802, two and a half years after the General's death. She was laid beside him.

Unfortunately, both the General's and Mrs. Washington's wills provided the sale at her death of all properties not "specially disposed of." The mansion at Mount Vernon was almost bared of furniture. With the immediate farm, outbuildings, and tomb, the house went to the General's nephew, Bushrod Washington, a United States Supreme Court judge.

Billy remained. I am sorry to say he took to drink. He had a fit of delirium tremens. West Ford, a mulatto philosopher, ministered to him. When Billy was quiet West Ford opened a vein to bleed him. The blood would not flow. Billy was dead. In the little matter of dying Billy was active. He was each one of five that died in various parts of the United States, the last one of him in 1867, when he was more than a hundred and thirty years old.

Judge Washington died in 1829. Mount Vernon became the property of Colonel John Augustine Washington, his nephew.

A grave-robber broke into General Washington's tomb to steal his body. He made off with a ghastly head. It was recovered. The thief had mistaken the coffin; the head

was not that of the General, but of another of the family, a number of whom were buried in the vault. The General's coffin was opened to make sure; his body lay in repose undisturbed.

At the late date of 1837, a wish expressed by the General in his will was obeyed. He had called attention to his selection of a spot for a new tomb for himself and family, and those of the family already buried in the old vault. The old tomb was disadvantageously situated on the side of a hill which was subject to landslides. For the new vault he specified not only the spot, but also dimensions and materials. According to these, his own plans, a tomb was built, and his and Mrs. Washington's bodies were transferred to it, along with the remains in the old vault of other members of the family. The latter were buried together within the vault, out of sight, while the bodies of General and Mrs. Washington are in stone coffins above ground, within plain view between the slender bars of a grated iron doorway.

It is for this reason that the most illustrious of our dead has so simple a mausoleum—obe-

dience to his wish. The vault is squarish, of red brick, topped with a bit of marble. It would be unsightly but that in summer vines clamber about it and whispering trees shelter it. Before snows whiten the roof, leaves flutter to the ground and bare a wonderful net-work of dark branches that lock and contrast with the sky in a frame for his resting-place. At all times a stretch of river and of woodland dimpled with hollows beautifies triumphantly.

From behind the tomb on a night of last April the moon shone round, and on the chill earth dropped a soft cover of light and shade. A few blanched clouds flecked the sky, giving a wide wake to the awing night queen in her robe of silver yellow. Within the vault, faintly, solemnly, the sarcophagi of General and Lady Washington showed gloom white. A whippoorwill near by, changing his tree but seldom, from a full throat sang his three clear soprano notes more than two hundred times without stopping to take breath; the tree-frog added his cool, thoughtful voice, and crickets and katydids punctuated a high-keyed victory chorus to infinitude. There are three hun-

dred and sixty-five nights in a year, a new scene at the tomb every night. Think of it when the lightning flashes and the trees beat about in a storm! Nature was partial to Washington, and she shifts the elements in earth and heaven and honors him still. But she loves and is kind to wooing. There are more pleasing garlands about the General's tomb, because white-haired Edmund Parker, a quondam slave, guarding it, tends the vine faithfully. Edmund, one of Colonel John Augustine Washington's negroes, is "a member of the family." Love lightens his labors.

We anticipate. It was more than twenty years after the erection of the new tomb and the removal of the bodies to it when the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union came into possession, and placed on guard at Mount Vernon Edmund and his fellow-laborers to make to nature their effective prayer of work.

Virginia farms, it is said, average a bankruptcy to every third generation. Dismal days came to the Washingtons' home.

It is a greedy and luxurious family of houses, the big house and the little ones. In the

General's time they ate up proceeds of surrounding farms to keep themselves going; now many of those farms served other mansions. A sorry sight the place became. The roofs leaked; some of them fell in. More than one of the outhouses gave up altogether and fell down. The arcades that led in pretty curves from each side of the mansion to the "every-day" and "banquet" kitchens held straight as long as they could; but worms, rot, and neglect had assailed, and they leaned and sank. The tall pillars on the river piazza woke melancholy echoes with their fall; the few ragged columns left were not disdainful; uncouth poles straggled into service between them and helped prop up the weakened eaves. The tomb was dilapidated.

Southern women are full of sentiment. In 1855, Miss Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, saw the place in this condition. She resolved that the home of the great American should be restored and honored by Americans; that she herself would cause it to be done if nobody else would. Appealed to by individual members—Miss Cunningham's friends—to buy the property to be cared for

by the nation, the Legislature of Virginia and the national Congress had not time, had not the money; many no doubt thought it might not take in Buncombe. Miss Cunningham's enthusiasm founded an association of ladies from all parts of the Union. The association raised money to buy the place, has since restored it to what it was in the General's time (counting the plan now on foot exactly to restore the entrance hall to its original white with old-fashioned paper), and keeps it in order for the people of the United States to visit and love. To the dismantled house much of the furniture has come back that had made wide journeys, some of it since the public sale at Mrs. Washington's death. Much is not returned, but with study of the inventories made at the deaths of the General and Lady Washington, the quaint rooms are all furnished as nearly as possible in their style of a hundred years ago. A gentleman of unusual executive ability is resident superintendent.

If there is no sentiment in business, there is business in sentiment.

The commonwealth of Virginia would not

alienate the property. Suggestions to remove Washington's remains to New York or elsewhere cannot materialize. The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union, a corporate body organized for a national purpose, gained legal right to buy the home and tomb from Colonel Washington by charter of the Legislature of Virginia. A part of Article III. of the charter granted, amended March 19, 1858, reads:

"The said vault, the remains in and around it, and the inclosure, shall never be removed or disturbed."

Judge Bushrod Washington's and Colonel John Augustine Washington's remains lie in the vault, as indicated by the white shafts in front of the tomb. The son of the latter became a Confederate officer, and was killed in the Civil War. Thank God, the questions that divided it have been settled, and the country of Washington is now, as he ever prayed it might be, one and inseparable.

"Genius is the infinite capacity to take pains."

Washington was many-sided; he neglected no duty—public, domestic, or recreative. At

Mount Vernon, looking minutely into private concerns, he wrote minutely on public matters, and hunted and danced and entertained. As President, foreseeing that his acts would be precedents, he rejected all offers of patronage and allowed no condescension on the part of foreign representatives, insisted on Executive prerogatives and refused to encroach on the domain of Congress, managed internal insurrection and war with Indians, swept clear of alliance with France, sustained Hamilton in finance, builded reverence for the Constitution, gave dinner-parties, went to the play and balls and assemblies, remembered the laws of health to obey them, and managed with exactness his personal fortune.

His style of living, had it been wasteful, would have bankrupted him, so generous was it. It was executive ability, which is but masterful attention to details, that made him victor in domestic problems as in public. Generous Robert Morris, our noble Washington of finance, his wealth gone, an unthanking country allowed us to see lying neglected in a debtors' prison. But for his executive genius, exacting honesty in far detail, justifying gen-

erosity, the debtors' law might have had its terrors for Washington.

He did not cheapen honesty with thriftlessness nor good-nature with gullibility. When his property, parts of it in sections as large as his original estate had been, went into other hands, it was quickly shown what had been the source of his financial prosperity and thrift. To accuse him of smallness because of exactness, as, to the surprise of many, a few have done, is like reproaching the canary that he loses not a note in his scale.

In the paintings of Turner, in the plays of Shakespeare, it is not the one thing only that is beautiful, but the all. When "The Fighting *Téméraire*" looms to her last berth, the sky is by radiantly to illumine the picture, to touch the sensible. Washington, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Great Artist, as general and as statesman, stands forth; beside him, around him, the glow of his private life, the unfettered happiness of his household held to rectitude and order.

The sky is mathematical, one color having its proportion to another, that the whole may be beauty.

Lafayette said that Nature did honor to her-

self in creating Washington, "and to show the perfection of her work, she placed him in such a position that each quality must have failed had it not been sustained by all the others."

Two writers of history go on the assumption that the Washington of history did not exist, because it could not be.

Vegetable nature is beautiful and human nature never?

George Washington is not an ideal—he is a fact.

No man's ideals approach the beauty of reality.

In his painting, "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," what is Turner's glorious, glowing, threatening sunset at sea to the actual splendor of a sunset in Alabama? No painter, even when most idealizing, has rendered Washington an Apollo; yet no Apollo is so handsome as Stuart's Washington; and no bust made of Washington is so magnificent as the exact reproduction of his face in a plaster cast. Nature casts her noblemen into forms of beauty never dreamed of by art. Washington's large, somewhat hooked, nose, firm-set mouth, and double chin are Washington's self, no man's

ideal; so are his caution, his daring, his modesty, and his sublime — to the indolent, half-ludicrous—exactness.

Watching him in his home-life, we see from his actions and words that he believes in an over-ruling Providence and the righteousness and efficacy of the Christian religion; that he upholds the dignity of personal labor, the necessity for thrift, the value of dress, the needfulness in manner of the little niceties that help to round out the universe—with thankfulness we perceive that in all things our first President was a gentleman.

The man that neglects appropriate dress, a part of thought given to others, cannot see in their value the rounding characteristics of Washington.

He was the first American gentleman whose gentility was not European, did not end in futility, in keeping the hands clear of work, in seeing never-passable gulfs between themselves and "the ladies of Bloxham who wear such wonderful hats." The American gentleman knows that they can come up every day from Bloxham and revolutionize their headgear and their manners. He knows that there

are heights still for every honest man to climb. He is willing to share his gentleness. He is aware that, as in government we have found it better to be led by the great descendants of ignorant men than by imbecile descendants of the great—we want no George III. to lose us our best jewel—so we still get seed for gentlemen from pure, obscure American life.

There are many of us who have prouder English blood than flowed in the veins of Washington's ancestors, who were of a good valorous old family of England; but we know, have seen, and do not theorize, that in fair conditions, descendants of the Earls of Pembroke are content to make nails—which is well, provided they are good nails—while a Jewish peddler's daughter can gracefully dine the Countess. Circumstance is the King Europeans worship, thinking to revere inherent qualities of ancestry.

We have among us, and had in George Washington, all the graces of European nobility, springing from the most inexhaustible soil, striking roots in the ground of the eternal truth that the Caucasian is dominant among races; that his is a seed containing within it-

self in right environment the probability of rich growth in lordly ability, with no greater chance of failure in individuals than in separate seeds of wheat.

There are few things lovelier than a European lady; the American lady is one of them. We are willing to leave in Europe the exquisite patrician, scornful of all but his class. Like the beautiful Egyptian pyramids, built of the cruel toil of many, he is a monument to tyranny that no sane nation to-day should think of reproducing. We go on to better things.

Washington distinctly wished the gentlemen of the nation to take part in politics. "Unless the virtuous and independent men of the country will come forward," writes he, "it is not difficult to predict the consequences."

In his Farewell Address Washington besought Americans to make Americanism lovable. His ways followed two injunctions of St. Paul—"Let no man despise thee," and, "Put them in mind . . . to obey magistrates."

The law is the conscience of our nation.

It may be news to many stay-at-home Americans that there is no nation of such

power whose flag is less respected in Europe than that of America. With wondering surprise, one observes this needless fact from Italy to Russia and back again through England.

With the exceptions of Switzerland and France, but not including in the exceptions French convents and society, all Europe is looking on, wishing us evil. Our prosperity is a continued assertion that her cherished beliefs have not the support of reason.

Washington was a loyal, law-abiding royalist, brought face to face with the fatal defects of monarchy in its least objectionable form, the English. A few years later, rid of the English yoke, he writes, referring to some of the many Americans discontented under the first imperfect union:

"I am told that even respectable characters speak of a monarchical government without horror."

Where the idea of monarchy has lost the horror that belongs to it, vigorous, generating liberty is dead.

It is the institution that is wise or unwise. Kings are not necessarily tyrants or incapa-

bles. Kingship does not of itself destroy the chance of greatness among all men, but no kingly heroism excuses the existence of a monarchy among any but a people that are children.

America is not a republic because it is easier to be than a monarchy. It is more difficult, for the only sure foundations upon which to build republics are education, patriotism, and courage. All this none knew better than George Washington.

Washington was full of the pride of Americanism. He wrote:

"The first duty of Americans is to be American. Do justice to all, and never forget that we are Americans, the remembrance of which will convince us that we ought not to be French or English."

Americanism will nicely pick and choose the virtues of all other countries, and in its own eminent virtue overtop them all.

Oh, long life to the star-reaching pride of Americanism, courteous, generous, just!

George Washington in his will made his dying declaration against the education abroad of the men of America. Though the uni-

versity for which he left endowment is not built, his words of warning have not been forgotten by his countrymen.

A new George Washington, viewing the woman problem, will beseech the men of America to keep their young women also at home; as they value the beauty of Americanism, not to send their daughters to the schools of France or England or Germany, whence they return utterly misunderstanding the religious and lofty pride of republicanism, despising the labor of their fathers while benefiting by it, and won over, in the defencelessness of youth, to a punier standard.

When old age shall come upon us as a nation—and it is already long since our youth looked on fresh ideals—it may be we shall drift, hoodwinking ourselves, into corrupt national policies, but long may it be ere the code of individual honor will not fit to that of the nation, and we come to hold that a man must be honest, but men need not. America has kept and must keep her conscience.

One that studies to portray the noble beginnings of our nation must be willing to present the whole truth, the noble as well as the

unsightly, which latter seems to be supposed, by those diseased unfortunates peculiarly known as moderns, to be the only truth. History rings with the love and praise of Washington, because history is required to be historical, and because, as Cabot Lodge says, though in other words, in his exquisite biography of Washington, it is only necessary for an untruth to get into print to meet its best chance for a fall.

To defamers of the great, a morsel of notoriety is ready. A glib pen that writes of the eminent easily catches the eye.

General Charles Lee, adventurer, proven traitor, is produced against Washington's probity by a recent writer, who is anxious, he says, to make Washington beloved, and, fearing that he stands forth too noble to suit the public, tries, among other ways, to make him an attractive picture by turning a magnifying glass on his hands and feet.

Three critics do not make a country. The love of George Washington is full and strong from one end of this favored land to the other.

It is surprising to see the reverence displayed towards him in contemporary accounts.

Hostile criticism, not wanting, is small beside the volume of praise. Those that saw him daily knew his greatness. His critics were mostly those that but once beheld him or those who never met him. He had not the prophet's fate.

One of his contemporaries, Thomas Dawes, of Massachusetts, wrote, in 1781:

"May the name of Washington continue steeled, as it ever has been, to the dark, slanderous arrow that flieth in secret; for none have offered to eclipse his glory but have afterwards sunk away diminished and shorn of their beams."

Washington did so much to take off the bad odor from goodness, it is a pity that any should have attempted to extenuate his virtue. Many that loved him, in reporting rendered him somewhat in their own image, a tendency illustrated by the much-observed fact that the face of Christ is Italian, Spanish, or German, according to the nationality of the painter. This is why Weems made Washington's greatness ridiculous with the cherry-tree story. Weems loved Washington devotedly, and was a ridiculous story-teller.

The First American

In the new National Library in Washington, looking up at the ceiling upon the names, encircled with laurel leaves, of Emerson, Browning, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Keats, I saw that these men had made their mere names as pretty as a flower.

Washington's name is other than a flower —a jewel not subject to envious dissolving elements nor to the sleeping seasons.

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